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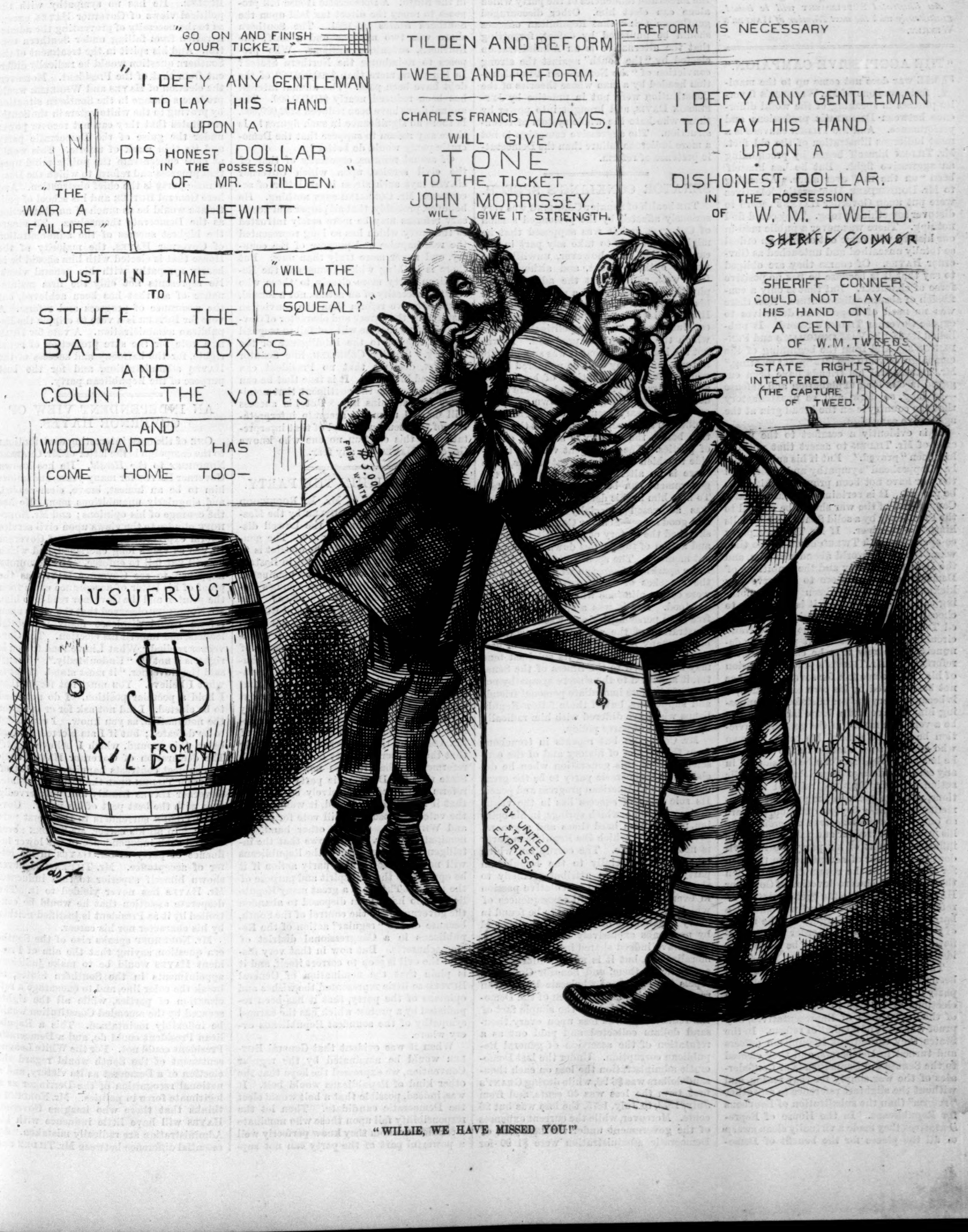
"GO ON AND FINISH YOUR TICKET."
"I DEFY ANY GENTLEMAN TO LAY HIS HAND UPON A DIS HONEST DOLLAR IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. TILDEN."
HEWITT
"THE WAR A FAILURE"
TILDEN AND REFORM
TWEED AND REFORM.
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. WILL GIVE TONE TO THE TICKET
JOHN MORRISSEY WILL GIVE IT STRENGTH.
REFORM IS NECESSARY
I DEFY ANY GENTLEMAN TO LAY HIS HAND UPON A DISHONEST DOLLAR. IN THE POSSESSION OF W. M. TWEED.
~~SHERIFF CONNOR~~
SHERIFF CONNER COULD NOT LAY HIS HAND ON A CENT. OF W.M.TWEEDS
STATE RIGHTS INTERFERED WITH (THE CAPTURE OF TWEED.)
JUST IN TIME TO STUFF THE BALLOT BOXES AND COUNT THE VOTES
AND WOODWARD HAS COME HOME TOO—
"WILL THE OLD MAN SQUEAL?"
FROM $5,000 W.M.TW
USUFRUCT
$
FROM TILDEN
BY UNITED STATES EXPRESS.
TWEE
SPAIN
CUBA
N.Y.
Th. Nast

"WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YOU!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 28, 1876.

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"THE AGGRESSIVE CAMPAIGN."

The war does not come up to the manifesto, was one of Mr. Webster's favorite phrases in speaking of the woful difference between Democratic professions and performance. And the Tilden canvass is a most ludicrous illustration of the old fact. Mr. Tilden himself began by proclaiming an aggressive fight. But he has himself been "on the run" ever since. According to Mr. Dorsheimer, Democratic detectives were put upon Governor Hayes's record to discover something wrong. They could find nothing. There was never a public man in our history who came out of such an ordeal so totally unscathed and untouched as Governor Hayes. Of course they are obliged to say that it is because he has no positive force of character. But that is only a confession of absolute discomfiture. Now there was no need of Republican detectives to expose Governor Tilden's record. It published itself, like Vallandigham's and Pendleton's. And from the beginning of the campaign, down to the last "great meeting," Mr. Tilden and his friends have been engaged in one long explanation and defense—so long, so dark, and so unsatisfactory that the country is on the broad grin at the aggressive campaign.

It is evidently a comfort to the partisans of Mr. Tilden to assert that nothing has been "proved." But if his substantially "Copperhead" sympathy and position in the war have not been proved, nothing can be proved. It is certainly no reason that a Copperhead of the war should be elected to the Presidency by a solid South, that he calls himself a reformer. If Mr. Tilden's party co-operation with Tweed down to the time when the whole world abandoned him, and the Democratic party and the ambitions of Democratic leaders were to be served by kicking him, has not been proved, nothing can be proved. And it is no reason to choose for President a politician who allowed Tweed to forge his name to the fraud circular, without subsequent protest or denunciation, merely that he calls himself a reformer. If Mr. Tilden's practical evasion of his just income tax for several years has not been proved by his own explanation, it is because every body is mistaken in supposing him to have had a large income and to be a very rich man. If the general conviction be true, he evaded his tax. No man who answers such charges in the way that he has answered them can be considered in any sense a reformer of political and public action. If Mr. Tilden's railroad transactions, as they appear in the published documents, are plainly beyond question, they are so only to his most zealous adherents. If his practical surrender and pandering to the inflation element of his party are not evident in his letter of acceptance, in the plea for the repeal of the resumption date, then the simple and sincere devotion of Governor Hayes in his letter to the great question of reform is not evident. And why should a hard-money man who argues for the repeal of the resumption date, in order to catch inflation and repudiation votes, be made President as a financial reformer?

The Democratic orators and papers have been unable to show from the record of their party in any State since their success in the elections of 1874, or in their management of the last House of Representatives, any proof whatever of a spirit of reform. In the States they turned out Republican officers and turned in Democrats, and they elected to the Senate old Copperheads or Confederates of the war simply for that reason, and without the slightest reference to any other "reform" than the substitution of Bourbons for Republicans. In the House of Representatives they made a virtually clean sweep of all the places for the benefit of Democrats; they cut down the appropriations about twenty millions of dollars, although how much less the actual expenses will be we can tell only when we see the deficiency bills; they wiped out all the pretense of economy by passing an equalization bounty bill which would take from $20,000,000 to $100,000,000 from the Treasury; and they introduced Southern claims and bills for indemnification, such as Merrimon's and Riddle's, which would take from the Treasury an enormous sum, computed at from $500,000,000 to $1,000,000,000. They now hire hundreds of young men and boys to parade through the streets, carrying transparencies of "Reform." Nothing could be more proper, for nothing is more transparent than their claim of reform.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams and his son can only say that change must be reform—a statement at variance with common-sense. Mr. Godwin evidently regards Mr. Tilden as a system of government, and disregards the forces and tendencies of the party which alone can elect him. Other discouraged gentlemen think that Republican offenses should be punished by defeat, forgetting that the alternative is an Administration elected by "the South" against the strong conviction of "the North"—an Administration headed by a man whose theories of the Constitution were put in practice by Jefferson Davis, and brought into power by those who hate the whole system of reconstruction. The aggressive campaign is not a more ludicrous failure than the Democratic pretense of reform.

SENATOR CONKLING'S SPEECH.

The health of Senator Conkling was very seriously affected by the prolonged session of Congress, and it was supposed that he might not be able to take any part in the canvass. He was, however, unwilling to remain entirely silent, and although far from well, and against the advice of his physicians, he addressed a great meeting in his county at the beginning of October. His speech was one of the calmest and most conclusive reviews of the political situation which the canvass has produced. It was not the less forcible that it was so moderate in tone, and it may well be pondered by all who, restless and impatient of hard times and of betrayals of public and private confidence, demand change for its own sake, and as the necessary security of reform. Mr. Conkling assumed, and truly, that the question before the country is simply a choice of parties. The intelligent voter is to decide to which of the two great parties, since there is no alternative, the control of the government can be more safely intrusted. To help him in this decision—for the speech was addressed especially to intelligence and good sense—Senator Conkling rapidly sketched the history of the spirit, tendency, and action of the parties down to the present moment. The speech was not without those sparkles of sarcasm which enliven all the speeches of Mr. Conkling, and there were covert allusions which are readily understood. But it was a speech absolutely free from personalities, and was not only an illustration of the ability of the speaker, but in many respects it is a model of partisan oratory. So far as its subdued tone may be ascribed to the illness of the Senator, it appealed to the sincere sympathy not only of his more immediate personal friends and supporters, but of those fellow-Republicans who have differed with him radically upon points of party policy.

Mr. Conkling but repeats in trenchant form the verdict of history and of the consciousness of this generation when he declares the Democratic party to be the great obstruction to American progress and peace. Its sole hope of success lies in the vague desire of change, which springs, in his opinion, mainly from hard times and a general prostration, for which the Republican party is not responsible. The corruption which is ascribed especially to the Republican party, Mr. Conkling attributes chiefly to the war, which incited speculative passion in every direction, the ill consequences of which are universal, and are to be found in every department of life and activity, and by no means exclusively in public affairs. They have indeed shared in the general demoralization, but it is not peculiarly characteristic of them, and Senator Conkling repels the charge of wholesale Republican rascality, which is the burden of the Democratic cry. He points to the simple fact of the reduction of the loss upon every thousand dollars collected and paid out as a refutation of the assertion of general Republican corruption. Under the last Democratic administration the loss on each thousand dollars was $6 98, while during Grant's first term the loss was 40 cents, and from July, 1873, to July, 1875, the loss was but 26 cents. Moreover, while the current expenses of the government under the last year of Democratic administration were $1 90 for each person in the United States, in 1875, upon an estimate of only 40,000,000 people, they were $1 70, and estimating 43,000,000, they were $1 60. The taxes, indeed, make the average payment higher. But it was not the Republican party that made the war debt or compelled the payment of pensions. That was the work of the Democracy, which now wishes to return to power for the sake of economy.

The public credit has been raised so that we have negotiated four-and-a-half per cent. in place of six per cent. bonds. "Will the party that has preached repudiation and inflation be likely to improve on this?" The vast mass of Southern claims is coming in. Senator Conkling says that he does not recall a case in which a Democrat has voted against any of them. The South demands that $68,000,000 collected in the cotton tax shall be paid back. Does any body propose that the tax on petroleum shall be refunded? Cotton grows in the South; petroleum flows in the North. A Democratic House bill proposes to repay the direct tax laid upon the Southern States in 1861. The Southern share was two millions and a half; the Northern, seventeen millions. Who proposes to re-imburse the Northern States? In ten years, more than $800,000,000 of the debt have been paid. The annual interest has been reduced nearly $50,000,000. The annual taxes have been reduced $262,000,000. Is there no significance in such figures? Is there any reason to suppose that the Democratic party would do better?

Of actual reforms, especially of that of the civil service, upon which Governor Hayes lays such stress in his letter of acceptance, Mr. Conkling says nothing. He believes, probably, that all proper and necessary reforms may be more safely intrusted to the party which has so long represented the real impulse and purpose of the country, and never more truly than now. But there is nothing which commends the Republican party more closely to those who feel the necessity of an actual, not a formal, administrative reform than the conviction inspired by the career and character of Governor Hayes that he will not fail to respond in this respect to the intelligence of the country. Senator Conkling, like Senator Morton, declares that no President can withstand his party. It is true that he can not safely oppose the sentiment that nominates and sustains him. But his success will depend upon his accurate interpretation of that sentiment, and of that interpretation in this election no one who knows Governor Hayes has any fear.

REFORM WITHIN THE PARTY.

The nomination of Mr. E. Rockwood Hoar against General Butler by the Massachusetts Republicans of the Lowell district is of national significance. The general asks jauntily whether the district is to be governed from Young's Hotel, in Boston, where the meeting was held that nominated Mr. Hoar. But why not from Young's Hotel as well as from Butler's office? The Convention that nominated General Butler had been carefully "arranged" in his interest. The nomination of Mr. Hoar was a spontaneous and independent expression of a feeling which is not confined to Massachusetts. Unlike the Democrats, if the Massachusetts Republicans wish to prove that they believe in reform, they do not go out of their party to find a candidate, but they nominate one of the truest and most resolute of Republicans. The nomination of Mr. Adams by the Democrats shows merely that the Democratic party does not furnish reformers. That it does not satisfy the State that the Democratic party is one of reform is proved conclusively by the fact that if he could be elected, it would be by the votes of those who will vote for Hayes and Wheeler. On the other hand, the nomination of Mr. Hoar shows that the intelligence and patriotism of the Republicans will not support regular party action if it be opposed to the real spirit and purpose of the party. There are a great many Republicans who have been disposed to abandon the government to the control of the South, because of the "regular" action of the Republicans in a Congressional district of Massachusetts. But now in that very district the evil is seen to correct itself, and it is plain that the nomination of General Butler so little represented the wishes and opinions of the party, that it has been repudiated by a protest which has the earnest sympathy of the soundest Republicans every where.

When it was evident that General Butler would be nominated by the regular Convention, we expressed the hope that the other kind of Republicans would bolt. It was, indeed, possible that a bolt would elect the Democratic candidate. Then let the responsibility fall upon those who nominate a candidate whom they know perfectly well a powerful part of the party can not support. General Butler, had he been the devoted Republican that he assumes to be, would have withdrawn, as Mr. Spencer has withdrawn in New York. Should Mr. Hoar be elected, the victory will be, in truth, a national triumph. Should he be defeated, either Mr. Tarbox, the Democratic candidate, or General Butler will be elected. If it be Mr. Tarbox, then those who have "put up" the candidacy of General Butler will have added another vote to the Democratic policy by nominating a candidate who is not only offensive to a large mass of Republicans, but who spurns, as Mr. Hoar pungently says in his letter, two of the most vitally important of the Republican issues in the canvass.

Should General Butler be elected and the Republicans elect their President, the administration of Governor Hayes, in carrying out the measures to which he is pledged by his word and by his convictions, would constantly be obstructed by General Butler. He has no sympathy with the political views of Governor Hayes, except as to the necessity of preventing the administration from falling under Southern control. And his spirit in the treatment of the Southern question would be radically different from that of the President. Moreover, the election of Hayes and Wheeler would produce a change in the Southern situation by proving to the white voters in the Southern States that they can not recover power under the guise of the Democratic party and its thin mask of reform. This would at once concentrate the public mind upon that progress and reform to which the Democratic party is the chief obstruction. And here General Butler and his school of politicians would be as much of an obstruction as the Democrats themselves. To secure the highest success of the administration of Governor Hayes, the majority of the House that is elected with him should be in hearty sympathy with his general views. He represents not only the firm maintenance of all that has been achieved, but the assurance of progress and reform. A vote for Butler is a vote to cripple the Republican administration. A vote for Hoar is a vote for the sure protection of equal rights, for the harmony and success of the Hayes administration, and for the best purpose of the Republican party.

AN INDEPENDENT VIEW OF GOVERNOR HAYES.

One of the most interesting contributions to the campaign is the letter of Mr. Charles Nordhoff to the *Herald*. He has known Governor Hayes for many years, and knows him to be an honest, brave, clear-headed, and singularly unambitious man. He has the courage of his opinions; and Mr. Nordhoff alludes to the views upon civil service reform expressed in the letter of Governor Hayes as views long cherished, and which he will not fail to enforce. Mr. Nordhoff happened to see Governor Hayes as the proof of his letter of acceptance came from the printer, and the Governor read it to him. Mr. Nordhoff observed that the views upon reform would displease many influential leaders, and imperil his election. The Governor replied, "What I have read to you is right, is it not?" "Undoubtedly." "Then," said the Governor, "it must stand. That is what I believe. You must not forget that I hold a peculiar position. I do not need to be elected. I did not ask for or work for the nomination, as you know. I can afford to be defeated; but if I am elected, it must be on this ground, which I believe right." The declaration of Governor Hayes upon this subject contrasts happily with that of Governor Tilden upon the resumption date. Governor Hayes frankly and unreservedly goes with the best part of his party. Governor Tilden surrenders to the worst part of his. In all his career, Mr. Tilden never showed such independence of the lower influence of party as Mr. Hayes in his letter of acceptance. Mr. Tilden has never shown himself superior to that influence. Mr. Hayes has never yielded to it. The desperate assertion that he would be controlled by it as President is justified neither by his character nor his career.

Mr. Nordhoff speaks also of the Southern question, saying that the aim of President Hayes would be to make judicious appointments in the Southern States, to break the color line, and to encourage a reformation of parties, while all the rights secured by the amended Constitution would be inflexibly maintained. This a Republican President could do, and a Democratic President could not. For the White League sentiment of the South would regard the election of a Democrat as its victory, and a national recognition of the Derringer as a legitimate force in politics. Mr. Nordhoff thinks that those who imagine Governor Hayes will have little influence with his Administration are radically mistaken. An essential difference between Mr. Tilden and

Mr. Hayes is that the latter has never sought public attention, and has been summoned, without his connivance, by the universal confidence of his fellow-citizens, to all the positions that he has filled. Mr. Tilden has always "taken charge of his own canvass," and by advertising agencies and literary bureaus, as well as by every kind of more occult means, has sought to promote his own advancement. Yet, as Mr. Nordhoff shows, Mr. Hayes is entitled by his official acts to the name of reformer quite as much as Mr. Tilden, although, unlike Mr. Tilden, he has caused no trumpets to be blown.

During the years that Mr. Hayes has been Governor of Ohio, he has reduced the State debt by nearly $3,000,000, has effected an annual saving in the State expenditure of nearly $1,000,000, has reduced the local taxation more than $17,000,000, and the State tax from three and a half to two and nine-tenth mills. He has, moreover, secured the passage of laws very strictly limiting the powers of local authorities to borrow and to spend money. These facts partly explain the confidence of the people of Ohio in Governor Hayes. As Mr. Nordhoff well says, "He is by no means an accident in Ohio." If there is to be any conflict in the party for the general direction of the administration, there is no doubt where the sympathies and confidences of the President will be, as we venture to say that there is no doubt where his wishes now are in the contest within the party in the Seventh District of Massachusetts.

MR. ADAMS AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In his eulogy upon Mr. Seward before the Legislature of New York, in 1873, Mr. Charles Francis Adams told some very wholesome truths of the Democratic party which it is well to recall at this time. That party has been always a pretender. It assumed to be especially the representative of the American principle, and it has been always its most contemptuous enemy. It claimed to be the party of the people, and has been always a conspiracy against equal rights. Had the Democratic party not been overthrown by the good sense and patriotism of the people of this country, our republic would have degenerated into a slave empire, and our flag would have become the black flag of piracy.

Describing the aggressions of slavery when Mr. Seward came to manhood, Mr. Adams says that his first necessary step was the choice of a side in politics. The traditions of his family led him to sympathize with the old Jeffersonian party. Mr. Adams proceeds to speak of the Democratic party which we know to-day:

> "Nevertheless, he early formed his conclusions adversely to the organization in New York professing to be the successors of the Jefferson school, and not less so to the perpetuation of slavery any where. The reason for this is obvious. With his keen perception of the operation of general principles, he penetrated at once the fact that the resurrection in this form of the old party was not only hollow, but selfish. It looked to him somewhat like a close corporation made for the purpose of dealing in popular doctrines, not so much for the public benefit as for that of the individual directors. Moreover, it became clear that among those doctrines that of freedom to the slave was rigorously excluded by reason of the bond of union entered into with his masters at the South. In reality he was in principle too democratic for the Democrats. Hence he waged incessant war against this form of oligarchy down to the hour when it was finally broken up."

When it was broken up, however, it did not disappear. The Democratic party logically and properly went down with the rebellion. But as it had been the agency by which the slave masters had maintained their power, it was still sustained by them, when slavery fell, as the means of saving all that was practicable, and even of possibly recovering control of the government. The alliance called the Democratic party to-day is just what it was in Mr. Seward's day—a united South, with a scattering support in the North. It was sectional then in the worst sense, and it is sectional now. Its object then was to secure the ascendency of slavery; its purpose now is to suppress the new vote of the South. Now as then it is hostile to national peace and progress.

It may be supposed that the opinions of Mr. Adams have changed in regard to this party, whose nomination for Governor of Massachusetts he has accepted. But the significance of his position is not what he says, but what he carefully avoids saying. He has warily refused to identify himself with the Democratic party. He does not call himself a Democrat. He does not accept the nomination as Democratic. It is "a convention of delegates" only which he recognizes. In his letter to the New York meeting, he speaks of the Republican organization, but never a word does he drop of the Democratic. He is apparently conscious that, with the convictions of his career, he can not honestly call himself a Democrat, or even seem to countenance the idea that the Democratic is a party of reform. As we showed last week, he speaks as a Democratic candidate, for he has accepted a party nomination, and his letter does not change the fact. But he seriously exhorts the country to lay aside party. This advice, as we showed, is equivalent to exhorting it to sustain the Democratic party. But that does not affect the fact that Mr. Adams thus far shrinks from plainly saying it. And he shrinks doubtless because, however impatient he may be with Republican failures, he knows that the Democratic party is neither by tradition nor by conviction a party of liberty, progress, and reform. He knows instinctively that the party which during all the years of his political life was the party of slavery is not now the party of justice and equality. And in voting for Mr. Tilden, whom he personally trusts, he insists upon forgetting the party association upon which Mr. Tilden has always depended, and must continue to depend.

A FEW TIMELY FACTS.

In view of the immense sums which the Democratic Southern claims would take from the Treasury, and the constant assertion that Republican administration has been a carnival of corruption and extortion from the country, a few financial facts will be serviceable to "paste in the hat." Belknap undoubtedly received money for post traderships, and the Whiskey Ring has been very active. But conceding all the rascalities that can be truly affirmed, the Republican administration of the government compares most advantageously with any other, and wise men will reflect before they intrust the Treasury to the tender mercy of Southern claimants.

Senator Cragin, of New Hampshire, says, in a late speech:

> "On the 1st day of March, 1869, three days before General Grant was first inaugurated, the public debt incurred in putting down the rebellion and saving the Union was $2,525,463,260 01. On the 1st day of August, 1876, the same debt was only $2,098,301,311 06.
>
> "In the seven years and five months $427,161,948 95 have been paid, or more than one-sixth part of the entire debt.
>
> "This is at the rate of $56,250,000 annually since General Grant became President; at the average rate of $4,687,500 per month, or $156,250 per day. Yes; the debt has been reduced at the average rate per day of $156,250 every day for 2708 days. This fact speaks volumes for the administration, and will silence a thousand falsehoods of the corruption and extravagance of the Republican party.
>
> "On the 1st day of July, 1868, the interest on the public debt was $140,421,045 71. On the 1st day of July, 1876, eight years later, the interest on the public debt was $100,243,271 23, or forty million two hundred thousand dollars less than eight years before.
>
> "The total aggregate saving of interest to the people for the eight years, in consequence of the reduction of the debt and funding a large portion of the remainder at a lower rate of interest, is about two hundred million dollars. It strikes me that here is something the people ought to be thankful for, and that they will desire to continue this kind of reform.
>
> "When it is remembered that this great reduction of the debt, and consequent reduction of the interest, has taken place under a large reduction of taxes, the facts become marvelous indeed. Every year since the close of the war the Republican party has largely reduced the taxes, just as fast as the credit of the country and the necessary actual expenses of the government would permit."

An official statement of last June shows the loss per $1000 in the receipts and disbursements of the Treasury during forty-two years, and it is one of which Republicans need not be ashamed, and which the "Reform Democracy" will hardly improve. Senator Conkling gives the table in his late speech. The figures do not include those of the Post-office Department, where the loss under Pierce was $6 92 in the thousand; under Buchanan, $3 02 in a thousand; under Johnson, $2 09; under Grant, in his first term, $1 13; and up to the end of the fiscal year 1875 it was but 53 cents. The postal-order system is of recent origin, but since its establishment three hundred and ninety millions of dollars have been intrusted to it, and with a loss of but forty cents in each thousand dollars. The account of the other great departments is as follows:

From January 1, 1834, to 1838, Jackson being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	$10 55
From January 1, 1838, to 1842, Van Buren being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	21 15
From January 1, 1842, to July, 1845, Harrison and Tyler being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	10 37
From July 1, 1845, to July, 1849, Polk being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	8 34
From July 1, 1849, to July, 1853, Taylor and Fillmore being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	7 64
From July 1, 1853, to July, 1857, Pierce being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	5 86
From July 1, 1857, to July, 1861, Buchanan being President, the loss on each $1000 was....	6 98
From July 1, 1861, to July, 1865, Lincoln being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	1 41
From July 1, 1865, to July, 1869, Johnson being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	48
From July 1, 1869, to July, 1873, Grant being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	40
From July 1, 1873, to July, 1875, Grant being President, the loss on each $1000 was........	26

Against such facts as these—facts which can not be successfully controverted—the mere assertion of universal Republican corruption falls to the ground. It is evident to every man who fairly considers the situation that the complaints of Republican administration, so far as they are just, are much more likely to be corrected by Republicans than by Democrats. But this is a point which we consider elsewhere.

PERSONAL.

The late Lucius Hopkins, well known in the commercial circles of this city, and highly esteemed for his enlightened liberality, after making ample provision for his family, gave to the American Bible Society $10,000; to the American Tract Society, $10,000; to the Presbyterian Domestic Missionary Society, $5000; and to the Board of Foreign Missions, $5000. That was a wise "choice" of Mr. Hopkins.

—Colonel Boudinot, an educated and sensible Indian, and possessing great influence with good Indians, is opposed to Sitting Bull and all those who are on the path for scalps. He expressly relucts at the colonization of S. Bull and such on their land, and will urge Western Representatives in Congress to oppose the new treaty. With them the day of savages has gone out. As one of their fine old chiefs said, after having been soundly thrashed, "Country safe; plant corn."

—In the "high life" of England a marriage is on the *tapis* which has set the heart of fashion in a flutter, viz., the nuptials between Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, only daughter of the Duke of Sutherland. Mr. Chapin is thirty-six, has played a very prominent part in English social life for the past twelve years, succeeded at his majority to some £30,000 a year, became a special protégé of the late Lord Henry Bentinck, and is conspicuous both on the turf and in the hunting field. In love affairs, however, his earlier career was not successful. He was engaged to Lady Florence Paget, the beautiful daughter of Lord Anglesey, and she eloped with the late Marquis of Hastings a few weeks before the date fixed for the wedding day. In another suit he was also unfortunate. His bride is many years his junior. She will probably bring him a large fortune, which may prove an agreeable addition to an estate which, by all accounts, turf life has not improved.

—It is said that General Schenck is about to publish a work on his *London Experiences*, which will treat of a few amusing peculiarities of English political life. One of the chapters will be headed "After-dinner Orations by Honorable Members," in which the author remarks that "the best types of good-humored country gentlemen are also the most gigantic specimens of humanity in the House—the O'Gorman and Mr. Ward Hunt."

—During Mr. G. W. Smalley's recent visit to the United States, where he met a hearty welcome from his old friends, a reception was given to him and Mrs. Smalley (the latter, by-the-way, is an adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips) in Boston, at which, among many other pleasant things said, was this by the "Autocrat," that he considered Mr. Smalley one of the very best, if not the best, war correspondents that the world had ever known. It was said with evident heartiness, and is high praise from a man like Holmes, who may be reckoned a judge of such matters.

—Judge Henderson, of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, at a late session of the Court of Quarter Sessions, issued an order forbidding the admission of boys into the court-room during the trial of cases. He based the order upon the demoralizing effects of the narration of crime upon the young. His position has been highly commended by the press in all parts of the State.

—The board of directors of the "*Courier* Company," of Buffalo, have elected Mr. David Gray editor-in-chief of that paper, in place of the late Joseph Warren. Mr. Gray has for many years occupied a leading position on the *Courier*, and enjoys in an unusual degree the respect and personal regard of the editorial fraternity. We believe he is at present the only gentleman of the press in the State, outside of the city of New York, who to poetical genius of a high order adds the practical, every-day ability and plod of a sound, sensible writer on politics and the general topics of the day. The management of the *Courier* could not have been intrusted to hands more discreet or competent.

—The London *Times*, describing the personal appearance of the new Sultan, says he has "a long, narrow head, a stern, resolute expression, indicative of energy and intelligence, and an earnest and not very placable disposition. He has the countenance of a ruler capable of much good or much evil, but knowing his own mind, and determined to have his own will. He has, besides, an air befitting a high-bred man, conscious of himself and bent on exacting his due."

—Mr. Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, says that Chicago gives as much revenue to that company as Philadelphia and Boston combined, and that before the close of the present century Chicago will be the second city on this continent. Speaking in the first person, Mr. Orton says: "Neither St. Louis nor Cincinnati understands the uses of lightning in business like the Chicago people. I look with a sanguine mind on the prospects of Chicago, St. Paul, and, I will add, Denver, Colorado. Denver, although a smaller place, has a vigorous business spirit, and seems to me to be the *entrepôt* for all the Rocky Mountain trade, mines, herds, and agriculture. I regard Denver as one of the future very large cities."

—The man of the Danbury *News* has felt it a duty he owes to the public to take his pen in his hand and give the following inky photograph of those excellent men, Henry Watterson and Murat Halstead. Of the first personage he says that in the photographs he "is all angles—a sharp, peaked forehead, demonstratively sharp chin, and a defiantly sharp mustache and goatee. In the man himself this sharpness fades away into a softness of outline and beaming lustrousness of spirit. I would not like to have you think I value him as a light man, though certainly he is no Blücher, as Halstead is. But he is not too ponderous, and he is flexible and prehensible enough to let a man love him. And he is brave—fighting not with slashing sabre, but with piercing lance, delicately poised. There is one sensitive trait in Watterson that would make a poet love him, and he must favor his mother, for a man could certainly get no such sweet weakness from a man. If you say something in a vague and half-mysterious way to him, he will see it, and his blue eyes and calla-lily cheek will glow like a night cloud lined with a moon. Now Watterson has never reached that stage which Halstead occupies, where there is a revulsion from the romance of early days. Halstead is a most likable man, who will eat intellectual roast beef with you, but you would never want to put your arm around his neck as you would want to put it around Watterson's. Watterson will not let you fear him, and he has that divine gift of friendship which likes a little gush, which reflects a little of it."

—The Earl of Beaconsfield, when at his fine country home at Hughenden, leads a life of almost complete seclusion, to which only a few select guests are admitted, who care more for brilliant literary companionship and the attractions of a well-ordered table than for relaxation and rural pleasures. The Premier, when in retreat, is much given to solitary wandering among the woodland paths which the taste of Lady Beaconsfield did so much to beautify. Here he delights to wander still, with head bent contemplatively, hands thrust into the deep pockets of his velvet coat, and a broad felt hat shading his brow. But deep in thought though he may be, his step is jaunty and his eye quick to note all that passes around him. In the mansion a narrow hall leads, on the one hand, to a dining-room that is almost severe in the simplicity of its bare paneled walls, straight-backed chairs, and colorless drapery; on the other, to a library that is half study, half drawing-room, where the earl spends much of his time during his visits to Hughenden. As a compromise between the somewhat Bohemian comfort dear to artistic minds and the ordered luxury and affectation in which those of more feminine tastes delight, this room perhaps embodies, more than any other in the house, the character of the man who is the presiding genius of the place. Writing-tables, couches covered with yellow satin and profusely gilt, oak cabinets ornamented with caryatides, columns, and entablatures of Dresden china, make up a whole so confused that the ordinary mind fails to grasp at once the uses to which such a room may be applied, though none can fail to appreciate the taste that can combine so many incongruous elements, and yet subdue any thing like tawdry effect. In the simple little study up stairs, where he takes his matutinal tea and toast—the earl is not an early riser, and seldom appears at breakfast—and where, by the aid of Mr. Montagu Corry, he gets through the mass of official correspondence that is always heavy even in his days of retirement, he sits surrounded by memories. Miniatures of his father, mother, and brother hang above the mantel-piece, and portraits of departed friends or colleagues look upon him from the walls, while he gazes from the windows on broad terraces bright with variegated blossoms, and flanked with noble beeches and firs, where traces of the wife's loving care still linger. The walls of the bijou morning-room, of the staircases, and of the yellow room set aside for the most distinguished visitors are all hung with sketches or paintings of those whom the ties of friendship or long association in political work have endeared to the lord of Hughenden.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

State elections took place, on the 10th, in Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia. Ohio gave a Republican majority of 9000 on all the State ticket except for Barnes, who has 5000. The Republicans gain five Congressmen. In Indiana the Republicans gained four Congressmen, but the Democrats elected their Governor by a majority of 5000. West Virginia was carried by the Democrats by about 12,000 majority.

The Republican Committee claim for Colorado a majority of 1500 on the vote for Governor, and 2631 aggregate for the Legislature.

The official vote of Maine, just published, shows a majority for the Republican candidate for Governor of 15,000, or 11,000 more than last year's.

Six workmen were suffocated or burned to death on board the German bark *Europa*, in this city, on the 7th inst. The vessel was on the dry-dock at the time, undergoing repairs, and a lighted match falling on some oakum in the lower hold, where the men were at work, started the fire which resulted so seriously.

The boilers in Zug & Co.'s nail mills, in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, exploded, on the 12th, killing twenty persons and wounding many others.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Spanish government has appointed General Martinez-Campos as commander-in-chief of the army in Cuba. He will sail soon with a squadron of five men-of-war and several transports with troops.

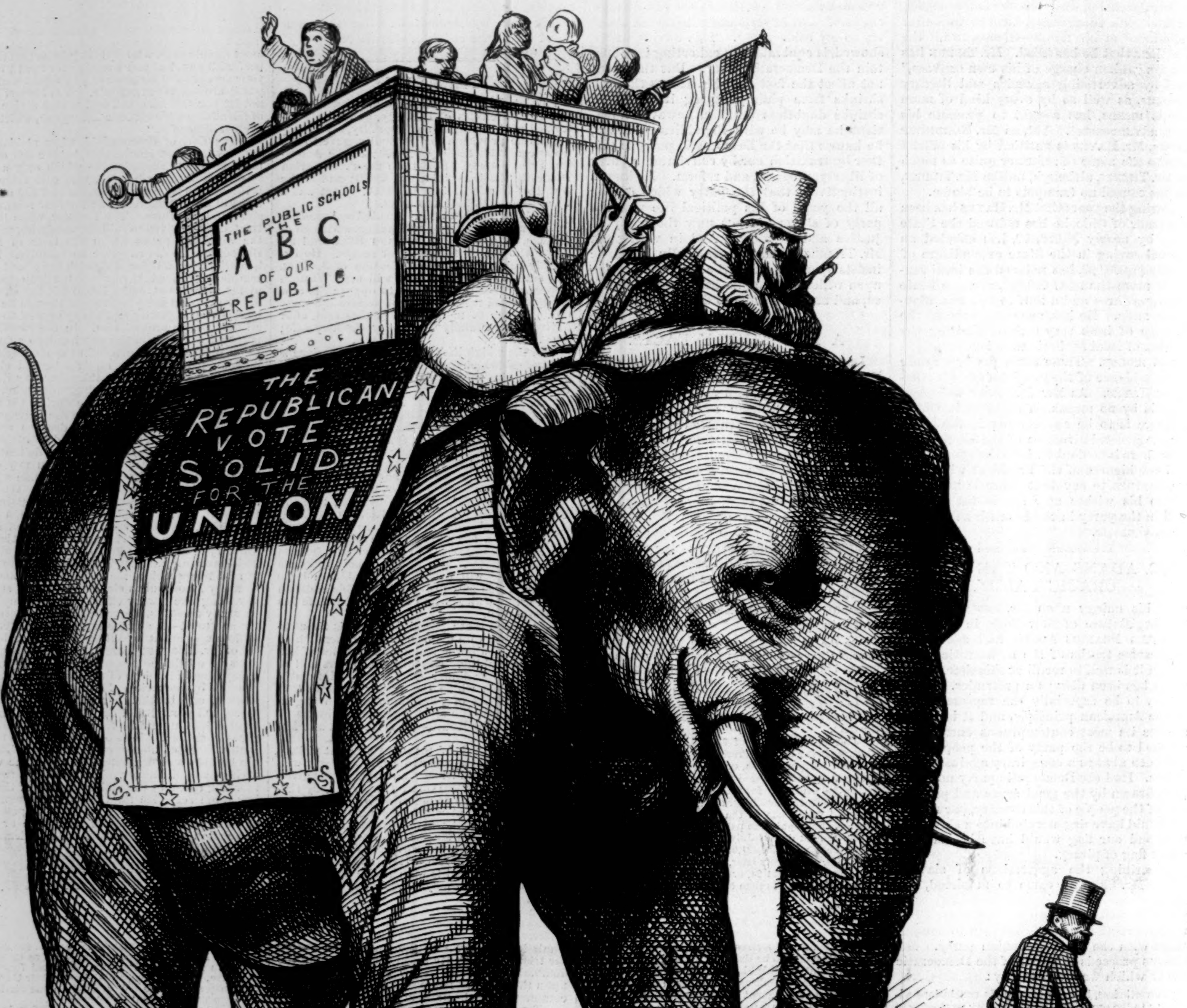
Georg Heinrich Pertz, the German historian, died at Munich, on the 10th, aged eighty-one years.

A Reuter dispatch from Constantinople reports the following as the conditions on which the Porte grants the armistice: (1) That Servia shall be prevented from occupying the positions now in possession of the Turkish army; (2) that the introduction of arms and ammunition into Servia and Montenegro be prohibited; (3) that the passage of foreign volunteers into the Turkish provinces be effectively put a stop to; (4) that Servia and Montenegro be prohibited from giving any assistance to the insurgents in the adjacent provinces. The Porte proposes that the armistice shall extend to the 15th of March, 1877, and requests the great powers to appoint delegates for the settlement of the details. It has ordered the Turkish commanders to come to an understanding with these delegates and with the Servian and Montenegrin commanders. The line of demarkation between the hostile armies is to be regulated by the positions they now hold. Turkey, however, is ready to evacuate her positions in Servia if Servia engages not to occupy them. The Servians and Montenegrins are said to have rejected the armistice.

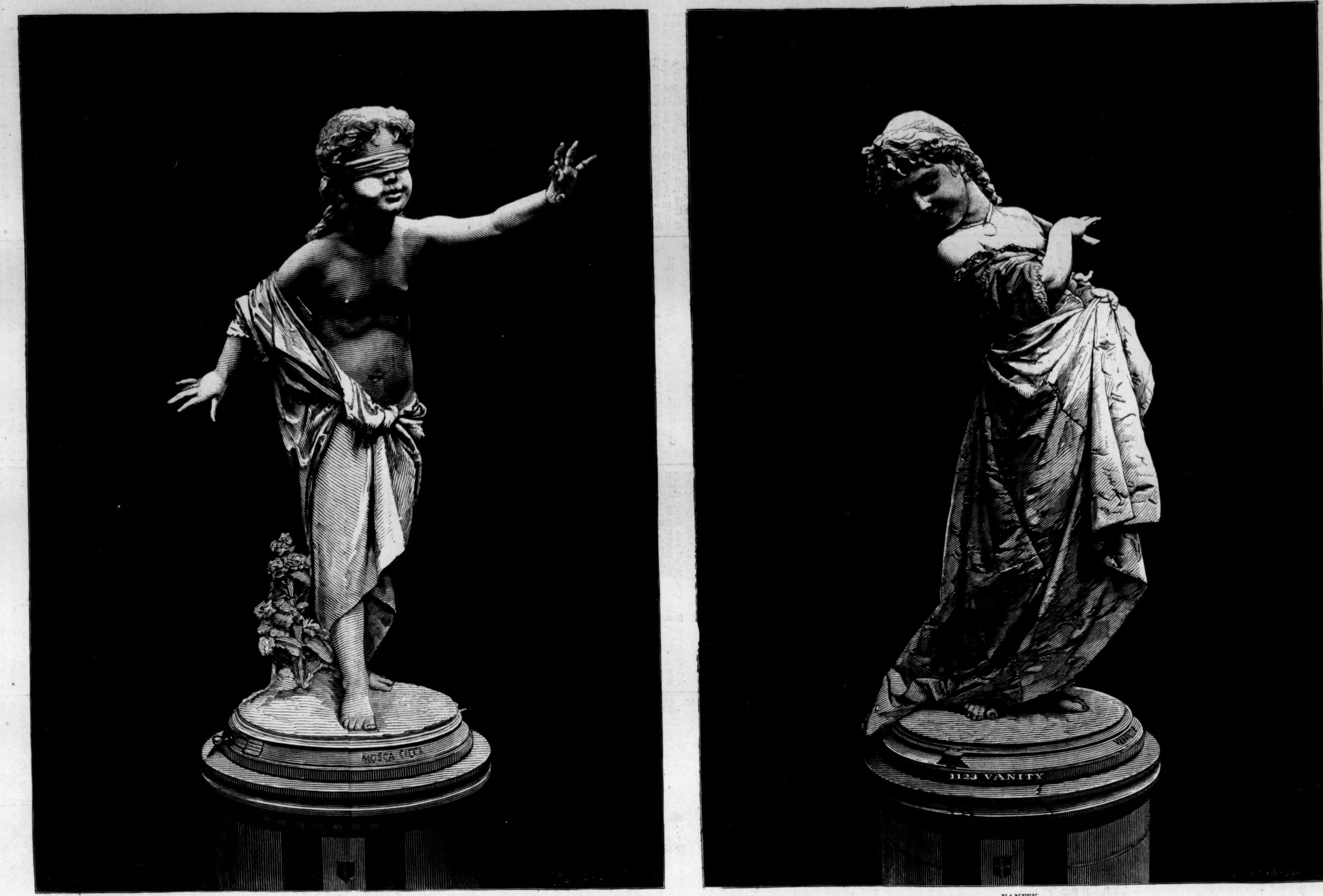
Vienna newspapers report that the ex-Sultan Murad V. died on the 7th.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* telegraphs an account of an interview with an officer in the Egyptian army, who gives circumstantial details of the horrible events which have taken place in Abyssinia during the attempts of Egypt to chastise the Abyssinians. The officer states that there have been two known expeditiobs. The first, which was dispatched in October, 1875, consisting of 4000 men, was surprised in the defile of Goundel, and massacred to the last man. The second expedition, composed of 6000 men, started in January last. It met the Abyssinians in February, in the defile of Goura, and was overwhelmed, 4000 men being killed. The Abyssinian king then disappeared into the interior, and, according to the latest reports, has repeated what he did in the defiles of Goundel and Goura by again crushing an army of Egyptians; but the details of this, as of the other expeditions, are guarded with great secrecy.

It is officially announced that Count von Arnim, who was proceeded against in default by the Staats Gerichtshof, on the 5th, has since been condemned to five years' imprisonment in the House of Correction, for treason and offense against the Emperor and Prince Bismarck.


THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
THE ABC OF OUR REPUBLIC
THE REPUBLICAN VOTE SOLID FOR THE UNION
Th. Nast

"THE ELEPHANT WALKS AROUND"—AND THE "STILL HUNT" IS NEARLY OVER.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VANITY.

THE CENTENNIAL—STATUARY IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE ART ANNEX.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 870.]

POPPIES AND WHEAT.

Poppies have loved the golden wheat
  Many a thousand years,
And still they lift a glowing face
  Up to the bending ears.
Wherever the yellow wheat doth grow,
Scarlet poppies will surely go.

Bind the sheaves in the East or West,
  Take seed where man ne'er trod,
And when the corn bends to the breeze,
  The poppy there will nod.
No time, no distance, hath the power
To change the love of grain and flower.

See how the silky petals stir,
  Like banners in still air!
See how the rich ripe ears sway down
  To flowers so idly fair!
O sweet wind of the harvest day,
Tell me what do these lovers say.

Do they remember Nilus yet?
  Ham's daughters, dusky fair?
Greek girls with mingled wreaths of wheat
  And poppies in their hair?
Or fair Judean maids at morn
Gleaning among the yellow corn?

Does grain of wheat or seed of flower
  Hold still a memory
Of happy English harvest-homes
  On many a pleasant lea,
And youths and maids amid the sheaves
Testing their love with poppy leaves?

If so, then, winds of harvest, haste,
  Carry a greeting sweet;
No heed where corn and poppies grow—
  Kin are poppies and wheat.
Grain and flower of every strand
Came from the fields of Edenland.

THE CENTENNIAL.

No feature of the art collection at the Centennial affords more pleasure or excites more general admiration than the Italian statues. Critics may find fault with them, but they attract lingering crowds of spectators from morning till night. Especially, says a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, "does the multitude delight in the representations of children. Laughing, crying, saying enforced prayers, chasing butterflies, blowing soap-bubbles, or dreading the morning bath, these little figures appeal strongly to the common heart. If there is little of the inspiration of high art in them, there is certainly a great deal of humanity. The extent of the display of Italian marbles is really amazing. One comes upon the statues first on entering the great ante-chamber of Memorial Hall. They line the walls on either hand, they stretch out in double rows along the colonnades, they circle the rotunda round, and make a ring about the colossal group from the Albert Memorial; and when one leaves the Hall and goes to the Annex, he finds another and a much larger white multitude there, crowding the entrance-room and corridors, and almost filling several of the picture-galleries. Whatever may be said about the want of lofty and original conceptions in the work of the Italian sculptors, one must concede them great fertility of imagination and remarkable industry." Engravings from two of these statues, "Blindman's-Buff" and "Vanity," may be found on page 869.

Messrs. Thonet Brothers and Messrs. Jacob & Joseph Kohn, of Vienna, make very handsome displays of elegant bent-wood furniture, which may be seen in the Austrian section, Main Building. On page 876 we give engravings of several specimens of this style of furniture, which first came into use about thirty years ago. The frames are of beech wood, painted black and highly polished, with the exception of the frame-work of the aquarium and flower stand in the centre, which is striped with gold. The exhibit, which is a very large one, attracts great attention, and numerous specimens have been sold to visitors.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

Mr. W. C. Coup has done a good thing for New York in establishing a large and elegant aquarium in this city. It stands on the site of the old Colosseum building, at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway, and is in every respect well suited to the purpose for which it was designed. One feature of it demands special commendation—a department designed to promote original scientific research in one of the most important branches of natural history. This end is accomplished by the construction of a free scientific laboratory and naturalist's workshop as an adjunct of the aquarium, and fitted out with all the needed appliances of microscopes, experimental tanks, etc., and in addition a free library and reading-room. It is proposed to admit to the privileges of this scientific quarter all of those who, either as students or teachers, may desire to avail themselves of the advantages for study and research there afforded.

The interior of the building, as may be seen by our illustration on page 876, is very tastefully and artistically arranged. The pavilion is supported by handsome columns, with beautifully designed rustic-work and drooping plants and flowers interspersed. In the centre of the pavilion stands an extensive tank of water, circular in form, which forms the new home of a very lively whale. This animal was taken in a trap about two months ago on the coast of Labrador, where it has been kept since then until the tank in the aquarium should be ready to receive it. The journey here was made in six days—to Quebec in a schooner, with a special tank made for his reception, and from Quebec to New York by express, in a box lined with damp sea-weed. A special car was hired at Quebec, at a cost of $1 per mile. Arriving in safety after his long journey, the whale was placed in the tank, where he now swims about, occasionally showing his gray back above the surface of the water, or rising up and "blowing" a thin stream of spray into the air. The animal belongs to the species of white whale, and is about fifteen feet in length. So far as can be ascertained, he has received no bruises.

A large number of other fish have also been received in the aquarium. The salmon eggs have been placed in their troughs, and are now undergoing incubation. Two young alligators, each four feet long, occupy a tank of their own. The great sea-lion tank has one occupant, captured in the Pacific Ocean. There is also a large number of valuable fish, among which are sharks of seven feet, six feet, four and a half feet, four, three, and two feet in length, a hammer-head shark of three and a half feet, a sturgeon of eight feet, and a large sting-ray.

This fine establishment was opened to the public on the evening of October 10. The hall was brilliantly lighted, and the illuminated tanks showed to great advantage. The exercises of the evening opened with an address by Robert B. Roosevelt, a prominent member of the Fish Commission, in which he claimed the respectability of pisciculture, holding this science to be of more value than that of horticulture or agriculture, and in which he declared the aquarium was of great assistance to the study of fish life. At the conclusion of this address the audience was invited to partake of a fish supper, the production of the United States Fish Commission. In this collation about fifty dishes of fish, many of them imported from foreign countries, were furnished.

With Mr. Coup, the manager, are associated the following gentlemen: Professor H. D. Butler, general superintendent; Professor W. S. Ward, naturalist and director of educational department; Mr. Fred Mather, of the United States Fish Commission, superintendent of fish-culture; Mr. A. W. Roberts, in charge of fisheries and outside collections. Fresh attractions will be constantly added to the collection, and neither pains nor expense will be spared to make the aquarium as complete as any in the world.

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," "Dead Men's Shoes," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHACKLES OF AN OLD LOVE STRAITENED HIM.

Cyprian Davenant had inherited a fortune. Common rumor had not greatly exaggerated the amount of his wealth, though there was the usual disposition to expatiate upon the truth. Needy men looked at him with envy as he went in and out of his club, or sat in a quiet corner reading the last *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh*, and almost wondered that he was so well able to contain his spirits, and was not tempted to perform a savage dance of the Choctaw character, or to give expression to his rapture in a war-whoop.

"Hang it all, you know," remarked an impecunious younger son, "it aggravates a fellow to see Davenant take things so quietly. He doesn't even look cheerful. He doesn't invite the confidence of his necessitous friends. Such a knight of the rueful countenance would hardly stand a pony. And he won't play whist, or touch a billiard cue—quite an unapproachable beast."

A man can not be lucky in all things. Sir Cyprian had set his life upon a cast, and the fortune of the game had been against him. The inheritance of this unexpected wealth seemed to him almost a useless and trivial stroke of fate. What could it avail him now? It could not give him Constance Clanyarde, or even restore the good old house in which his father and mother had lived and died. Time had set a gulf between him and happiness, and the fortune that came too late seemed rather the stroke of some mocking and ironical Fate than the gift of a benevolent destiny. He came back from Africa like a man who lives a charmed life, escaping all manner of perils, from the gripe of marsh fever to the jaws of crocodiles; while men who had valued existence a great deal more than he had done had succumbed and left their bones to bleach upon the sands of the Gold Coast, or to rot in a stagnant swamp. Cyprian Davenant had returned to find the girl he loved the wife of the man he most disliked. He heard of her marriage more in sorrow than in anger. He had not expected to find her free. His knowledge of Lord Clanyarde's character had assured him that his lordship's beautiful daughter would be made to marry well. No fair Circassian, reared by admiring and expectant relatives in the seclusion of her Caucasian home, fattened upon milk and almonds to the standard of Oriental beauty, and in due course to be carried to the slave-market, had ever been brought up with a more specific intention than that which had ruled Lord Clanyarde in the education of his daughters. They had all done well. He spent very little of his time at Marchbrook nowadays, his wife having died shortly after Constance's marriage, but dawdled away life agreeably at his daughters' winter houses out of the season, at his clubs in the season, and felt that his mission had been accomplished. No father had ever done more for his children, and they had cost him very little. What a comfort to have been blest with lovely marriageable daughters, instead of lubberly sons, squatting on a father's shoulders like the old man of the mountain, thought Lord Clanyarde, when he had leisure to reflect upon his lot.

After that one visit in Park Lane, Sir Cyprian Davenant had studiously avoided Mrs. Sinclair. He had very little inclination for society, and although his friends were ready to make a fashionable lion of him upon the strength of his African explorations, he had strength of mind enough to refuse all manner of flattering invitations, and innumerable introductions to people who were dying to know him.

He took a set of chambers in one of the streets between the Strand and the river, surrounded himself with the books he loved, and set about writing the history of his travels. He had no desire to achieve fame by book-making, but a man must do something with his life. Sir Cyprian felt himself too old or too unambitious to enter one of the learned professions; and he felt himself without motive for sustained industry. He had an income that sufficed for all his desires. He would write his book, tell the world the wonders he had seen, and then go back to Africa and see more wonders, and perhaps leave his bones along the road, as some of his fellow-travelers had done.

He heard of Constance Sinclair—heard of her as one of the lights in fashion's sidereal system—holding her own against all competitors. He saw her once or twice, between five and six on a June afternoon, when the carriages were creeping slowly along the Ladies' Mile, and the high-mettled horses champing their bits and tugging at their bearing reins in sheer desperation at being compelled to this snail's pace. He saw her looking her loveliest, and concluded that she was happy. She had all things that were reckoned good in her world. Why should he suppose there was any thing wanting to her content?

The lawyer's letter which told him of old Colonel Gryffin's death, and the will which bequeathed to him the bulk of the old man's fortune, found Sir Cyprian in his quiet chambers near the river, smoking the cigar of peace over the last new treatise on metaphysics by a German philosopher. Lady Davenant had been a Miss Gryffin, and the favorite niece of this ancient Anglo-Indian Colonel Gryffin, who had lived and died a bachelor. Sir Cyprian had a faint recollection of seeing a testy old gentleman with a yellow complexion at Davenant in his nursery days, and having been told to call the old gentleman "uncle," whereupon he had revolted openly, and had declined to confer that honor upon such a wizened and tawny-complexioned atomy as the little old gentleman in question.

"My uncles are big," he said. "You're too little for an uncle."

Soon afterward the queer old figure had melted out of the home picture. Colonel Gryffin had gone back to the Lincolnshire fens, and his ancient missals and incunabula, and had lived so remote an existence that the chief feeling caused by his death was astonishment at the discovery that he had been so long alive.

Messrs. Dott and Gowunn, a respectable firm of family solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, begged to inform Sir Cyprian Davenant that his great-uncle, on the maternal side, Colonel Gryffin, of Hobart Hall, near Hammerfield, Lincolnshire, had appointed him residuary legatee and sole executor to his will. Sir Cyprian was quite unmoved by the announcement. Residuary legatee might mean a great deal, or it might mean very little. He had a misty recollection of being told that Colonel Gryffin was rich, and was supposed to squander untold sums upon Gutenberg Bibles, and other amiable eccentricities of a bookish man. He had never been taught to expect any inheritance from this ancient bachelor, and he supposed him for many years laid at rest under the daisies of his parish church-yard.

The residuary legateeship turned out to mean a very handsome fortune. The missals and Bibles and antique Books of Hours, the Decameron, and the fine old Shakspeare, were put up to auction—by desire of the testator—and were sold for twice and three times the sums the old Colonel had paid for them. In a word, Sir Cyprian Davenant, who had esteemed himself passing rich upon four hundred a year, stood possessed of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

It came too late to buy him the desire of his heart, and, not being able to win for him this one blessing, it seemed almost useless.

James Wyatt was one of the first to congratulate Sir Cyprian upon this change of fortune.

"A pity the old gentleman did not die before you went to Africa," he said, sympathetically. "It would have squared things for you and Miss Clanyarde."

"Miss Clanyarde made a very good marriage," answered Cyprian, too proud to bare his old wound even to friendly James Wyatt. "She is happy."

Mr. Wyatt shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"Who knows?" he said. "We see our friends' lives from the outside, and, like a show at a fair, the outside is always the best part of the performance."

This happened while Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair were at Schönesthal. Soon came the tidings of Baby Christabel's fate, briefly told in a newspaper paragraph, and Cyprian Davenant's heart bled for the woman he had once loved. He was not a little surprised when James Wyatt called upon him one day in November and told him he was going down to Davenant, where there was to be a houseful of company.

"So soon after the little girl's death?" exclaimed Sir Cyprian.

"Yes, it is rather soon, no doubt. But they would be moped to death at Davenant without people. Sackcloth and ashes are quite out of fashion, you see. People don't go in for intense mourning nowadays."

"People have hearts, I suppose, even in the nineteenth century," said Sir Cyprian, somewhat bitterly. "I should have thought Mrs. Sinclair would have felt the loss of her little girl very deeply."

"We don't know what *she* may feel," returned Wyatt. "Gilbert likes his own way."

"You don't mean to say that he ill-uses his wife?" asked Sir Cyprian, alarmed.

"Ill-usage is a big word. We don't employ it nowadays," replied Mr. Wyatt, with his imperturbable smile. "Gilbert Sinclair is my client, and an excellent one, as you know. It would ill become me to disparage him, but I must admit that he and Mrs. Sinclair are not the happiest couple whose domestic hearth I have ever sat by. She had some secret grief even before the death of her child, and made up for being very brilliant in society by being exceedingly dull at home. I don't expect to find her very lively now that she has lost the only being she really cared for. She absolutely worshiped that child."

This conversation gave Sir Cyprian Davenant material for much sad thought. To know that Constance was unhappy seemed to bring her nearer to him. It brought back the thought of the old days when those innocent eyes had looked into his, eloquent with unconscious love, when Constance Clanyarde had given him her heart without thought for to-morrow, happy in the knowledge that she was loved, believing her lover strong to conquer Fate and Fortune. And he had brought the chilly light of worldly wisdom to bear on this dream of Arcady. He had been strong, self-denying, and had renounced his own happiness in the hope of securing hers. And now Fate laughed him to scorn with this gift of vain riches; and he found that his worldly wisdom had been supreme folly.

"What a self-sufficient fool, what an idiot, I have been!" he said to himself, in an agony of remorse. "And now what atonement can I make to her for my folly? Can I defend her from the purse-proud snob she has been sold to? can I save her wounded heart one pang? can I be near her in her hour of misery, or offer one drop of comfort from a soul overflowing with tenderness and pity? No; to approach her is to do her a wrong. But I can watch at a distance, perhaps. I may use other eyes. My money may be of some use in buying her faithful service from others. God bless her! I consecrate my days to her service; distant or near I will be her friend and her defender."

Two days later Sir Cyprian met Lord Clanyarde at that nobleman's favorite club. It was a club which Cyprian Davenant rarely used, although he had been a member ever since his majority, and it may be that he went out of his beaten track in the hope of encountering Constance Sinclair's father.

Lord Clanyarde was very cordial and complimentary upon his friend's altered fortunes.

"You must feel sorry for having parted with Davenant," he said, "when you might so easily have kept it."

"Davenant is rather too big for a confirmed bachelor."

"True, it would have been a white elephant, I dare say. Sinclair has improved the place considerably. You ought to come down and have a look at it. I'm going to Marchbrook to shoot next week. Come and stay with me," added Lord Clanyarde, with heartiness, not at all prepared to be taken at his word.

"I shall be charmed," said Sir Cyprian, to his lordship's infinite astonishment.

People generally took his invitations for what they were worth, and declined them. But here was a man fresh from the centre of Africa, who hardly understood the language of polite society.

CHAPTER XIII.

"AT MERLIN'S FEET THE WILY VIVIEN LAY."

All went merrily at Davenant during the brief bleak days of November and December, though the master of the house was not without his burden of secret cark and care. That magnificent iron and coal producing estate in the north had not been yielding quite so much hard cash as its owner expected from it lately. Strikes and trade-unionism had told upon Mr. Sinclair's income. The coal market had fluctuated awkwardly. Belgium had been tapping the demand for iron. There was plenty of money coming in, of course, from Gilbert's large possessions; but unfortunately there was also a great deal going out. The Newmarket stables had cost a small fortune, the Newmarket horses had been unlucky, and Gilbert's book for the last three or four seasons had been a decided failure.

"The fact is, Wyatt," he remarked to that confidential adviser one dull afternoon over a *tête-à-tête* game at billiards, "I'm spending too much money."

"Have you only just found that out?" asked the solicitor, with a calm sneer.

"The purchase of this confounded place took too much of my capital, and these strikes and lock-outs coming on the top of it—"

"Not to mention your vicious habit of plunging," remarked Mr. Wyatt, parenthetically, taking a careful aim at the distant red.

"Have very nearly stumped me."

"Why not sell Davenant? You don't want such a big barrack of a place, and—Mrs. Sinclair isn't happy here."

"No," said Gilbert, with a smothered oath; "the associations are too tender."

"I could get you a purchaser to-morrow."

"Yes, at a dead loss, no doubt. You fellows live by buying and selling, and you don't care how much your client loses by a transaction that brings grist to your mill."

"I can get you the money you gave for Davenant, timber and all."

"Who's your purchaser?"

"I'd rather not mention his name yet awhile. He is a quiet party, and wouldn't like to be talked about."

"I understand. Some city cad who has made his money in the zoological line."

"How zoological?"

"Bulling and bearing. Well, if those beastly colliers hold out much longer, he may have Davenant and welcome. But he must take my new furniture at a valuation. I've paid no end of money for it."

"What did you do with the old Jacobean oak?"

"Oh, the old sticks are put away somewhere, I believe, in lofts and lumber-rooms and servants' bedrooms."

Some of Mr. Sinclair's other guests dropped into the billiard-room at this juncture, and there was no more said about the sale of Davenant.

Nobody—not even his worst enemy, and no doubt among his numerous friends he had several foes—could deny Mr. Wyatt's merits as a guest in a country-house. He was just the kind of man to keep things going—a past master in all social accomplishments—and Gilbert Sinclair graciously allowed him to take the burden of amusing every body upon his shoulders, while the master of the house went his own way, and hunted or shot at his own pleasure. Mr. Sinclair liked to fill his house with people, but he had no idea of sacrificing his own inclination to their entertainment; he thought he did quite enough for them in giving them what he elegantly called "the run of their teeth," and the free use of his second-rate hunters.

On Mr. Wyatt, therefore, devolved the duty of keeping things going—devising the day's amusements, protecting the ladies of the party from the selfishness of neglectful and unappreciative mankind, arranging picnic luncheons in keepers' lodges, at which the fair sex might assist, finding safe mounts for those aspiring damsels who wanted to ride to hounds, planning private theatricals, and stimulating the musical members of the society to the performance of part songs in a business-like and creditable manner.

He had done all these things last winter and the winter before, but on those occasions he had been aided in his task. Constance Sinclair had given him her hearty co-operation. She had played her part of hostess with grace and spirit—had allowed no cloud of thought or memory to obscure the brightness of the present moment. She had given herself up, heart and soul, to the duties of her position, and her friends had believed her to be the happiest of women, as well as the most fortunate. To seem thus had cost her many an effort; but she had deemed this one of her obligations as Gilbert Sinclair's wife.

Now all was changed. Her husband had been obeyed; but that obedience was all which Constance Sinclair's sense of duty could now compel. She sat like a beautiful statue at the head of her husband's table, she moved about among her guests with as little part in their pleasures and amusements as if she had been a picture on the wall—courteous to all, but familiar with none, she seemed to live apart from her surroundings—a strange and silent life, whose veil of shadow even sympathy failed to penetrate. Mrs. Millamount, not unkindly, despite her frivolity, had tried to get Constance to talk of her bereavement, but the wounded heart was galled by the gentlest touch.

"It's very kind of you," she said, divining her friend's motive, "but I'd rather not talk of her. Nothing can ever lessen my grief, and I like best to keep it quite to myself."

"How you must hate us all for being here!" said Mrs. Millamount, moved with compunction at the incongruity between that houseful of company and the mother's desolate heart. "It seems quite abominable for us to be thinking of nothing but pleasure while you bear your burden alone."

"Nobody could divide it with me," answered Constance, gently. "Pray do not trouble yourself about my sorrows. If I could hide them better, I would. Gilbert likes to be surrounded with pleasant faces, and I am very glad that he should be pleased."

"She's quite too good to live," remarked the sprightly Mrs. Millamount to her friend Lady Loveall, that evening. "But do you know I'm afraid there's something a little wrong here," and Flora Millamount touched her ivory forehead suggestively with the tip of her Watteau fan.

James Wyatt was not a sportsman. He was an excellent judge of a horse, rode well, and knew as much about guns as the men who were continually handling them, but he neither shot nor hunted, and he had never been known to speculate upon the turf. These things were for his clients—a very pretty way of running through handsome fortunes and bringing their owners to the Jews—not for him. He could take his amusement out of other men's follies and remain wise himself. Life to him was an agreeable and instructive spectacle, which he assisted at as comfortably as he heard *Don Giovanni* from his stall in the third row; and when the foul fiend of insolvency whisked off one of his dearest friends to the infernal regions where bankrupts and outlaws inhabit, he felt what a nice thing it was to be only a spectator of the great drama.

Not being a sportsman, Mr. Wyatt had a good deal of time to himself at Davenant despite his general usefulness. There were rainy mornings when the men were out shooting, and the 'bus had not yet started for the point of rendezvous with the ladies and the luncheon. These leisure hours Mr. Wyatt improved by strolling about the corridors, looking at the old pictures, for the most part in that meditative mood in which a man sees very little of the picture he seems to contemplate, and occasionally by a quiet flirtation with Melanie Duport. That young person had plenty of leisure for perambulating the corridors between breakfast and dinner. Mrs. Sinclair was by no means an exacting mistress, and Melanie's life at Davenant was one of comparative idleness. Her superiority of mind showed itself in a calm contempt for her fellow-servants, and she was rarely to be found in the servants' rooms. She preferred the retirement of her own bed-chamber, and a French novel lent her by that good-natured Mr. Wyatt, who had always a supply of the newest and worst Parisian literature in his portmanteau. On this dull December morning, a day of gray clouds and frequent showers, Mr. Wyatt stood before a doubtful Vandyck, smoking meditatively, and apparently absorbed in a critical examination of Prince Rupert's slouched beaver and ostrich plume, when Melanie's light, quick step and tripping French walk at the other end of the gallery caught his ear.

He turned slowly round to meet her, puffing lazily at his cigar.

"Eh, la belle," he exclaimed, "even an English December does not dim the lustre of those southern eyes."

"I was born in the Quartier Latin, and my parents were all that there is of the most Parisian," answered Melanie, scornfully.

"Then you must have stolen those eyes of yours from one of the Murillos in the Louvre. What news, little one?"

"Only that I find myself more and more weary of this great barrack."

"Come, now, Melanie, you must confess you have a good time of it here."

"Oh, as for that, perhaps I ought not to complain. My mistress is very gentle, too gentle; it gnaws me to the heart to see her silent grief. That preys upon my mind."

Here Melanie squeezed out a tear, which she removed from her pearl-powdered cheek—a very sallow cheek under the powder—daintily with the corner of a hem-stitched handkerchief.

"You are too compassionate, little one," said Mr. Wyatt, putting his arm round her waist consolingly. Perhaps he had gone a little too far with these leisure half hours of flirtation. He had an idea that the girl was going to be troublesome. Tears augured mischief.

"C'est dommage," murmured Melanie; "I have the heart too tender."

"Don't fret, my angel. See here, pretty one, I have brought you another novel," taking a paper-covered book from his pocket.

"Belot?"

"No, Zola."

"I don't want it. I won't read it. Your novels are full of lies. They describe men who will make any sacrifice for the woman they love—men who will take a peasant girl from her hovel, or a grisette from her garret, and make her a queen. There are no such men. I don't believe in them," cried the girl, passionately, her eyes flashing fire.

"Don't be angry, Melanie. Novels would be dull if they told only the truth."

"They would be very amusing if they described men of your pattern," retorted Melanie. "Men who say sweet things without meaning them, who flatter every woman they talk to, who turn a foolish girl's head with their pretty speeches and caressing ways, and then laugh at her folly. Yes, as you are laughing at me," cried Melanie, exasperated by Mr. Wyatt's placid smile.

"No, my sweet, I am only admiring you," he replied, calmly. "What have I done to raise this tempest?"

"What have you done?" cried Melanie, and then burst into tears, real tears this time, which seriously damaged the pearl-powder. "I am sure I don't know why I should care so much for you. You are not handsome. You are not even young."

"Perhaps not, but I am very agreeable," said James Wyatt, complacently. "Don't cry, ma belle; only be patient and reasonable, and perhaps I shall be able to prove to you some day that there are men, real, living men, who are capable of any sacrifice for the woman they love."

Melanie allowed herself to be appeased by this rather vague speech, but she was only half convinced.

"Tell me only one thing," she said. "Who is that lady I saw at Schönesthal? and why were you so anxious to please her?"

James Wyatt's smooth face clouded at this question.

"She is related to me, and I knew she had been badly used. Hush, my dear, walls have ears. There are things we mustn't talk about here."

"What is the lady's real name?"

"Madame Chose. She comes of the oldest branch of the family—altogether grande dame, I assure you."

"I wish she would take me into her service."

"Why, you are better off here than with her."

"I don't think so. I should see more of you if I lived with that lady."

"There you are wrong. I see Madame Chose very rarely."

"I don't believe you."

"Melanie, that's extremely rude."

"I believe that you are passionately in love with that lady, and that is why—"

"Not another word," exclaimed James Wyatt; "there's the luncheon bell, and I must be off. You'd better take Zola. You'll find him more amusing than the talk in the servants' hall."

Melanie took the volume sullenly, and walked away without a word.

"What a little spitfire!" mused Mr. Wyatt, as he went slowly down the wide oak staircase. "She has taken my pretty speeches seriously, and means to make herself obnoxious. This comes of putting one's self in the power of the inferior sex. If I had trusted a man—as I trusted that girl—it would have been a simple matter of business. He would have been extortionate, perhaps, and there an end. But Mademoiselle Duport makes it an affair of the heart, and I dare say will worry my life out before I have done with her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. C. G. Maynard, of Newtonville, Massachusetts, and W. F. Parker, of West Meriden, Connecticut, are about undertaking an investigation of the natural history of the Bahama Islands, which promises to be of great interest to science in view of the fact that, with the exception of the examination made by Dr. Henry Bryant, of Boston, but little has been done in this respect since the time of Catesby, whose work was published nearly one hundred and fifty years ago.

These gentlemen propose to fit out a yacht in Boston, suitably equipped and provisioned, and send her to the Gulf of Mexico, there to embark some time in the month of October, and to make a minute investigation of the natural history of each island, obtaining specimens of its land fauna and of the inhabitants of the waters along their shores. They will be accompanied by several assistants, and hope to make very large collections of all kinds. Dr. Lewis E. Sturtevant, of Boston, will accompany the expedition for the purpose especially of assisting Mr. Maynard in making drawings and dissections on the spot of the various animals.

A meeting of the National Academy of Science will be held at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, beginning on the 17th of October, on which occasion five new members will be balloted for.

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia has lately published a Centennial Guide-Book to its museum for the benefit of its numerous visitors, among them many foreigners of eminence in science. This consists of three parts, the first being the guide proper, in which the cases are taken up in their serial order and the general contents enumerated; the second part contains a history of the growth of the museum of the Academy, considered systematically, and the third is a summary history of the rise, progress, and present condition of the Academy.

As we have already informed our readers, this eminent institution has within a few months past taken possession of its new building at the corner of Nineteenth Street and Race, and promises to enter upon a new stage of prosperity and development.

The forty-eighth annual session of the British Association took place at Glasgow on the 6th of September, under the presidency of Professor Andrews, of Belfast. As usual, many distinguished men of science were present from abroad, and in every respect the occasion was, perhaps, of more than average interest. The addresses of the president of the Association and of the presidents of the several sections, as usual, were occupied with the summing up of the progress of science in various branches, and one by Sir William Thomson was especially interesting to Americans from the eulogistical account which he gave of his recent visit to the United States, and of his impressions of the leading men of science in this country.

It will be remembered that Sir William was president of the group of judges at the Centennial having charge of instruments of precision, the duties connected with which position he performed with his accustomed energy and ability. The impression which he left behind him was an extremely agreeable one.

Cape Town is to hold a South African International Exhibition in February, and the occasion promises to present a very interesting picture of the present resources and industries of that part of the world.

A very useful book for ornithologists has lately been published in London by Mr. Adolph Boucard, entitled *Catalogus Avium hujusque descriptorum*, and intended to enumerate all the presumably authentic species described to the year 1876. The work foots up 2456 genera and 11,021 species, the name, authority, and locality of each species being given.

M. Boucard is a well-known naturalist, and at one time a large dealer in specimens of natural history both in Paris and London, and he has devoted himself almost exclusively to the collection of materials for a descriptive work on the genera and species of birds, to be illustrated by at least one good figure of each genus. His own private collection already numbers 4000 species of the passerine birds, and he is constantly adding to it. He is at present in the United States, studying the collections at the Centennial and the types in public and private museums in this country.

From a summary of recent advices from Colonel Gordon, dated Lardo, June 24, 1876, we learn that the White Nile splits up into two branches a little south of Lake Albert Nyanza. One branch flows past Lardo to Khartoum; the other, the newly discovered arm, flows northwest, and joins one of the five rivers which flow into the Bahr Gazelle. This river, in its turn, enters the Lardo Khartoum branch of the Nile. In the old branch navigation is stopped by the Fola rapids, which prevent any steamer passing from Khartoum to Lake Nyanza. If the rumor is true that the recently found branch is navigable, Colonel Gordon's vessels will be able to steam from Khartoum to Nyanza. Should this be the case, all the previous military stations established by Colonel Gordon between Lardo and the lake will have been to no purpose, and fresh stations must be formed along the Bahr Gazelle and the newly discovered branch of the White Nile. Colonel Gordon is now busily engaged in the solution of this problem.

Nature publishes an account of the doings of the Norwegian North Atlantic expedition up to the 27th of July, in which it is stated that the season so far had been extremely adverse to the most satisfactory working of the vessel and its apparatus, no less than five severe storms, with a wind velocity of forty-five miles an hour, having been experienced in the month of July, allowing deep-sea work to be prosecuted only during the short intervals. In latitude 63° 10′, longitude 1° 30′, a sounding was made in 1050 fathoms, giving a temperature under 32° below 300 fathoms, and somewhat similar temperatures were found at the same depth at other points.

At the latest dates the expedition expected to remain at Reikiavik five or six days for coaling and for magnetic base observations. Hardly any magnetic observations had been obtained at sea, the weather having been so boisterous. The original intention of making a circuit of Iceland had been abandoned for a similar reason.

An interesting report is published by the Engineer Bureau of the War Department, giving the results of the investigations made by Mr. Abert into the navigability of the coasts of North and South Carolina. Besides much valuable information in reference to the currents and channels, Mr. Abert has given a comparison between the gales experienced along the coast and the movements of sand beaches and sand dunes. The prevailing course of the slow movements to which these sands are subjected is known to be toward the southwest, under the influence of heavy northeast winds.

The University of Upsal celebrated in September, 1876, the four-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

The third number of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club and Quarterly Journal of Ornithology has just been published, and contains several interesting papers. Among them is one on the decrease of birds in Massachusetts, by Mr. J. A. Allen, which he shows in many cases to have been entirely independent of the destruction of the birds by human agencies. Dr. Coues treats of the question of the normal number of primary quills in the oscine group of birds, and Mr. William Brewster gives an interesting account of the habits of the yellow-bellied woodpecker.

In the report just published by the Engineer Bureau of the War Department of Simpson's explorations in Utah in 1859 is a memoir on the meteorological observations and hypsometrical results by Henry Engelmann. In computing his altitudes, Mr. Engelmann has adopted in substance the method of Lieutenant Abbott, as detailed in the sixth volume of the Pacific Railroad reports.

Corrections for the horary oscillations of barometric pressure are given for ten stations in the interior of the continent, but the corrections for abnormal variations of atmospheric pressure are not entirely satisfactory. Better ones could probably have been obtained by making some use of the extensive system of observations at that time being carried out at the Smithsonian stations and at those of the Surgeon-General's office. Corrections for the hourly variations of temperature are also given for eight stations. As a base station Camp Floyd has been adopted, the altitude of which is stated to be 4860 feet—a result which, however, may be in error by fifty feet on account of the neglect of the correction for aqueous vapor and other sources of uncertainty. Among interesting meteorological phenomena, the dryness of the air, the local winds called cañon winds, and the local whirlwinds are especially noticed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little bright-eyed four-year-old boy, upon hearing his father read the touching story of Joan of Arc, was greatly moved by her sad trials; but when the part was reached where she was about to be burned to death at the stake, the poor little fellow could not contain himself longer, but sobbingly clutched his parent's arm, and, with big tears running down his plump cheeks, cried, "But, papa, w-h-ere were the police?"

"Frank," said an affectionate mother the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much, you will get so after a while that you won't care any thing about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."

Brilliant Prospects—The diamond fields.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever spekerlate, or wait for suthin to turn up. You might as well go an' sit down on a stone in the middle of a medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the *gh*."

The only Power.—The ocean is the only power on earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

The mean Wretch.—Mr. Dorkins hurried into the house, and exclaimed, "I've got another, my dear—a good one. If you were on the top of a church spire on the back of a goose, how would you get down?" Mrs. Dorkins thought she'd jump down, slide down the lightning conductor, fly down on the goose, fall down, and then gave it up. "Why, if you wanted to get *down*, you could pick it off the back of the goose," said Mr. Dorkins, exultantly.

Common Malformation—Too long a tongue.

Another lazy man has been found; he is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "4tograf." There have been only three as bad. One lived in Kansas and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee "10aC," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

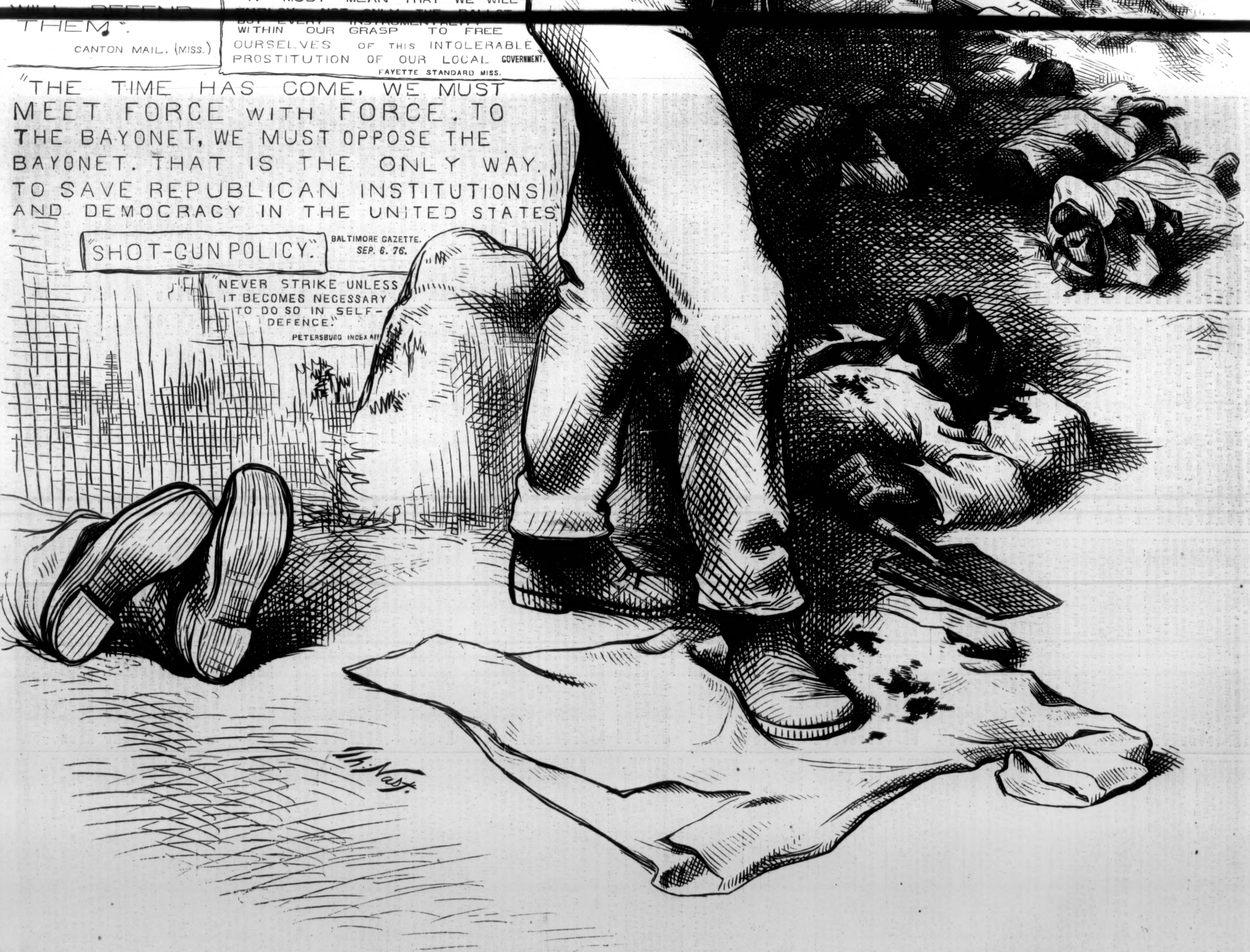
New Name.—Paris bills of fare call frogs "fresh-water chicken."

Without Leave.—The father of Dorabella recently found that girl's hands full of blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," he said, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said she; "but all these had leaves!"

Rough on him.—"Can you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl. "Yes," she answered—"*u*."

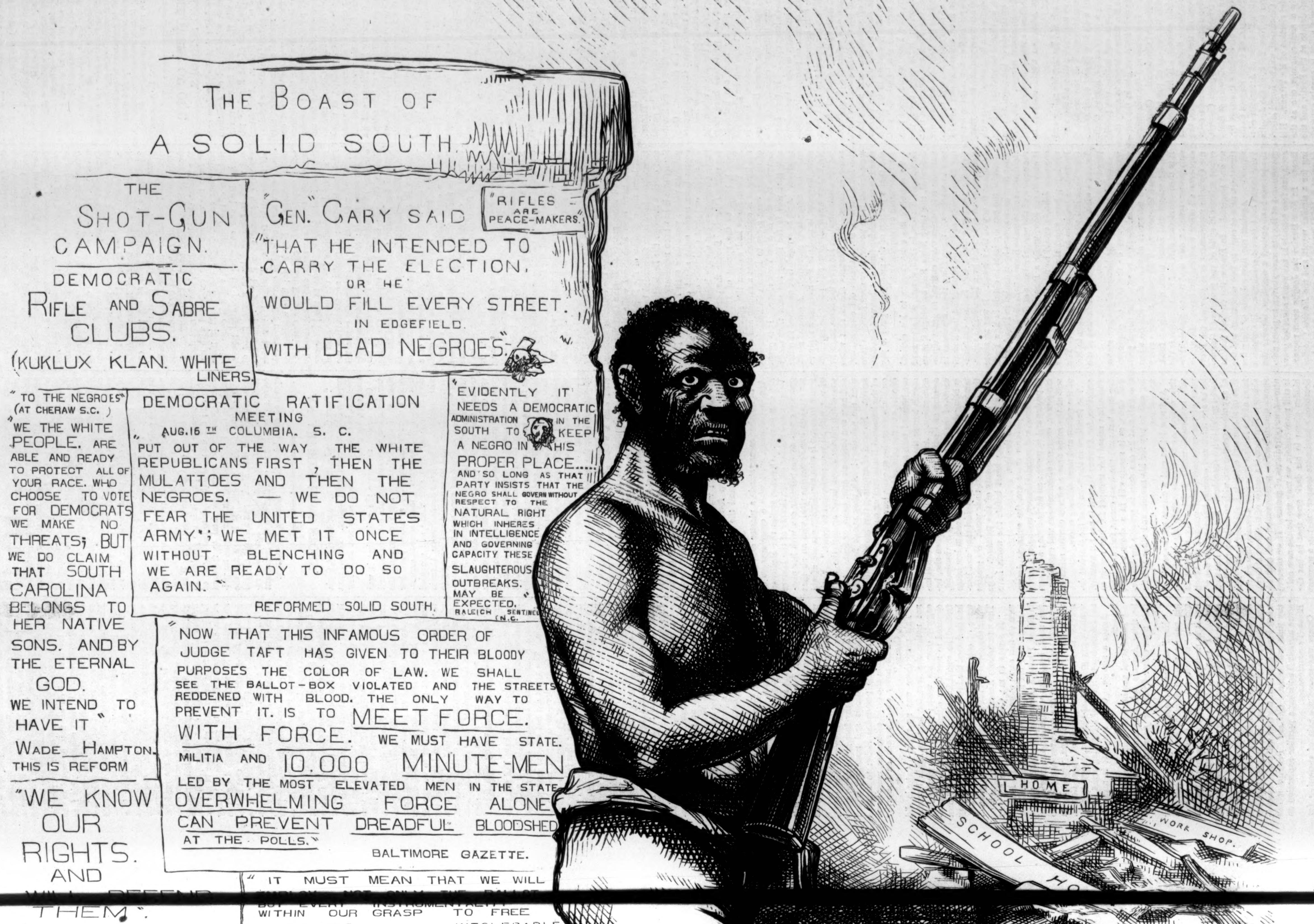
Loving Husband.—A lady who was suffering under a slight indisposition told her husband that it was with the greatest difficulty she could breathe, and the effort distressed her exceedingly. "I wouldn't try, my dear," soothingly responded the husband.

Editorial Bait.—A paper "out West" has the following notice: "All notices of marriage where no bride-cake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."



THEM".
CANTON MAIL. (MISS.)
MUST MEAN THAT WE WILL
WITHIN OUR GRASP TO FREE
OURSELVES OF THIS INTOLERABLE
PROSTITUTION OF OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT.
FAYETTE STANDARD MISS.
"THE TIME HAS COME, WE MUST MEET FORCE WITH FORCE. TO THE BAYONET, WE MUST OPPOSE THE BAYONET. THAT IS THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS AND DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES.
BALTIMORE GAZETTE. SEP. 6. 76.
"SHOT-GUN POLICY."
"NEVER STRIKE UNLESS IT BECOMES NECESSARY TO DO SO IN SELF-DEFENCE."
PETERSBURG INDEX APP
Th. Nast.

"HE WANTS A CHANGE TOO."


THE BOAST OF A SOLID SOUTH.
THE SHOT-GUN CAMPAIGN.
DEMOCRATIC RIFLE AND SABRE CLUBS.
(KUKLUX KLAN. WHITE LINERS.
GEN." GARY SAID "THAT HE INTENDED TO CARRY THE ELECTION, OR HE WOULD FILL EVERY STREET, IN EDGEFIELD, WITH DEAD NEGROES".
"RIFLES ARE PEACE-MAKERS."
"TO THE NEGROES" (AT CHERAW S.C.) "WE THE WHITE PEOPLE, ARE ABLE AND READY TO PROTECT ALL OF YOUR RACE. WHO CHOOSE TO VOTE FOR DEMOCRATS WE MAKE NO THREATS; BUT WE DO CLAIM THAT SOUTH CAROLINA BELONGS TO HER NATIVE SONS. AND BY THE ETERNAL GOD. WE INTEND TO HAVE IT" WADE HAMPTON.
THIS IS REFORM
DEMOCRATIC RATIFICATION MEETING AUG.16TH COLUMBIA. S. C. "PUT OUT OF THE WAY THE WHITE REPUBLICANS FIRST, THEN THE MULATTOES AND THEN THE NEGROES. — WE DO NOT FEAR THE UNITED STATES ARMY"; WE MET IT ONCE WITHOUT BLENCHING AND WE ARE READY TO DO SO AGAIN."
REFORMED SOLID SOUTH.
"EVIDENTLY IT NEEDS A DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION IN THE SOUTH TO KEEP A NEGRO IN HIS PROPER PLACE..... AND SO LONG AS THAT PARTY INSISTS THAT THE NEGRO SHALL GOVERN WITHOUT RESPECT TO THE NATURAL RIGHT WHICH INHERES IN INTELLIGENCE AND GOVERNING CAPACITY THESE SLAUGHTEROUS OUTBREAKS, MAY BE EXPECTED." RALEIGH SENTINEL (N.C.
"NOW THAT THIS INFAMOUS ORDER OF JUDGE TAFT HAS GIVEN TO THEIR BLOODY PURPOSES THE COLOR OF LAW. WE SHALL SEE THE BALLOT-BOX VIOLATED AND THE STREETS REDDENED WITH BLOOD. THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT IT. IS TO MEET FORCE. WITH FORCE. WE MUST HAVE STATE. MILITIA AND 10.000 MINUTE-MEN LED BY THE MOST ELEVATED MEN IN THE STATE. OVERWHELMING FORCE ALONE CAN PREVENT DREADFUL BLOODSHED AT THE POLLS."
BALTIMORE GAZETTE.
"WE KNOW OUR RIGHTS. AND WILL DEFEND THEM".
"IT MUST MEAN THAT WE WILL EMPLOY NOT ONLY THE BALLOT BUT EVERY INSTRUMENTALITY WITHIN OUR GRASP TO FREE
HOME
SCHOOL HO
WORK SHOP.

THE LORELEI.

A RHINE LEGEND.

Yonder we see it from the steamer's deck,
The haunted Mountain of the Lorelei—
The o'erhanging crags sharp-cut against a sky
Clear as a sapphire without flaw or fleck.
'Twas here the siren lay in wait to wreck
The fisher-lad. At dusk, as he passed by,
Perchance he'd hear her tender, amorous sigh;
And, seeing the wondrous whiteness of her neck,
Perchance would halt, and lean toward the shore;
Then she, by that soft magic which she had,
Would lure him, and in gossamers of her hair,
Gold upon gold, would wrap him o'er and o'er:
Wrap him, and sing to him, and set him mad,
Then drag him down to no man knoweth where.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE DESTROYERS OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There can be no doubt that the sleepless enemies of the common schools and of American education hope to win their most important victory in the Centennial year of the Republic, under the guidance of Mr. Tilden. Archbishop Purcell may labor to conceal the intense hostility of his Church to the spread of knowledge, may assert that the "Catholic prelates" are not unwilling to suffer, at least for a time, the existence of unsectarian and public teaching, but he can not hide from the people and the teacher the unchanging resolution of the Papal Church to control both. It may be willing, perhaps, to waive for the moment its claim of supremacy, to avoid a question that may injure the prospects of the Democratic party, to gratify Mr. Tilden and its political leaders by an appearance of toleration; but every Roman Catholic priest or prelate knows in his heart that the American common schools are destined to destruction whenever the Papal Church obtains the power, and that the ruling faction of his denomination and its infallible head have long ago resolved upon their ruin. They are willing to wait. They do not care to press the matter until after the election. Even Bishop M'Quaid has been silenced, and Bishop Ryan no longer declaims against the "American seminaries of sin." Maurice de St. Palais has ceased to press the formation of a "Catholic party," and the *Catholic Telegraph* is patient and subdued. The golden moment seems near at hand; the papal prelates silently watch their prey, and should they be able to elect Mr. Tilden to the Presidency, they need fear no further trouble in educational matters. Aided by the national government in every State, and ruling by every desperate and subtle means, by bribes and flatteries, by menaces and intrigue, it will not be difficult for the foreign Church to strike at the firm foundations of American education, and inflict a lasting insult upon the principles of American freedom.

Few who have not looked carefully at the matter can have understood how perfectly Mr. Tilden, if elected, will be under the control of the papal prelates. To them and to the rifles of his Southern confederates he will owe his election. Only the close union of all the Roman Catholic voters in the Northern cities can give him a single Northern State. In New York and Brooklyn, where the ultramontane priests and politicians have their strongest influence, not far from one hundred thousand Roman Catholic votes will be given for the man whom their Church approves. Here is the very centre and heart of the whole Democratic party, and here the bitterest enemies of the common schools have long ruled. If they have not destroyed them long ago, divided the school fund, completed the system of parochial schools begun in 1869–70, it is because Mr. Tilden and his faction were driven from power in 1871 by a terrible overthrow, from which he escaped almost alone in the disguise of a reformer. The Papal Church, conscious of his value, snatched him from the general wreck of reputations, and made him a Governor. It is easy to see why Mr. Tilden must in future be wholly powerless in its hands. But for the papal vote and the "Catholic" support, his own State, New York, would leave him in a hopeless minority; it is only upon the "Catholic" vote of New York and Brooklyn that he relies to counterbalance the dislike which the immense majority of his Protestant and unsectarian fellow-citizens have always shown toward his conduct and his principles; nor is it the least remarkable part of his unscrupulous career that, covered with the odium of a long association with our criminal rulers, he should be anxious to force himself into office by the aid of the papal faction and the rifles of his Southern friends. To such odious means of political advancement one would suppose no honest American would consent to owe his official rise.

But if in New York Mr. Tilden, his policy and his adherents, are so unpopular with all the non-sectarian or Protestant section of the people, it is scarcely different with him in any other State. Far away in Oregon a party exists, Roman Catholic, ruled by the priests and hating the public schools; by its aid Mr. Tilden hopes to carry the State. In Ohio his only strength lies in the support of the *Catholic Telegraph* and the ultramontane mobs of Cleveland and Cincinnati. Connecticut he hopes to win by the aid of the bitterest enemies of the public schools. If he aspires to gain any other Northern State, it can only be done by the support of the papal prelates, the avowed foes of education. Their journals celebrate him as the friend of the foreign Church, and it is safe to say that all the followers of Bishops Ryan and M'Quaid, of Bishops Borgess, St. Palais, Gilmour, Purcell, of every Roman Catholic prelate, the avowed enemy of American education, from Oregon to New York, of the Jesuits of New Mexico or Cincinnati, will be found laboring earnestly for the election of Mr. Tilden. His party is as clearly a semi-religious one at the North as it is Confederate at the South, and the aim of all his religious allies is openly avowed. They are leagued together for the destruction of the American public schools. This is the purpose which every "Catholic prelate" has set before his followers, and this is the labor in which they have found Mr. Tilden their most useful assistant. Conscious that they were in a minority even in the State of New York without the aid of a portion of the non-sectarian or Protestant Democracy, our Roman Catholic politicians have never yet ventured to demand openly from the Legislature the complete overthrow of the common-school system; they have preferred to attack the schools by less apparent measures. They have created a large body of Roman Catholic schools, and maintained them at the public expense. They have founded a great number of educational institutions in New York, professedly charitable, which are supported by annual grants from the State. They have a Protectory educating Roman Catholic children, who are sent thither from the criminal courts, conducted with unscrupulous energy, defying the law and in plain violation of the Constitution, which is constantly buying land and enlarging its political power, and which is supported by an annual grant of $250,000, bestowed upon it by Mr. Tilden and his Democratic friends. Mother Hardy holds nearly sixty acres of land in one of the most valuable sections of New York; it is retained for school purposes and to educate Roman Catholics; she refuses to pay any taxes, and is sustained by the Democratic judges. Close to the Protectory is a school or novitiate for the preparation of Christian Brothers; its pupils are taken from the neighboring asylum; it is apparently supported by the same funds; and thus the State not only educates 1500 children in the Protectory in the Roman Catholic faith, but supplies the rising demand for Roman Catholic priests and teachers. The graduates from the novitiate are made teachers in the New York parochial schools, or possibly may become the future prelates of a dominant Church. But so difficult is it to eradicate the early habits of these waifs of society, that the police officer, it is stated, has tracked more than one offender back to the novitiate or school for Christian Brothers, where he had taken refuge from the vigilance of the law. It would be quite impossible even to repeat the long list of these Roman Catholic seminaries founded or sustained by the ultramontane rulers of New York. The Orphan Asylum, endowed with a grant of the most valuable site in the city and a large annual stipend, the Cathedral, the Foundling Asylum, the parochial schools, which Mr. Tilden helped to plant and foster, and a great number of less conspicuous institutions in every part of the city and State, have been created by Roman Catholic influence with the plain design of supplanting and enfeebling the common schools. Nearly all these grants to Roman Catholic seminaries have been authorized while Mr. Tilden has been the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, have been forwarded by his influence, and carried through the Legislature by his care. Sometimes it has been necessary to purchase Republican votes; sometimes even Protestant Democrats have made some slight opposition. But the astute or pliant chairman of the Democratic State Committee has always been able to oblige the ruling Church. During the period from January 1, 1868, to the spring of 1871, when the New York *Times* had shaken the supremacy of the Ring, it is estimated that a million and a half of dollars were given to Roman Catholic institutions in the city of New York alone. It is probable that this is far below the sum they really received. And how much they obtained in other cities has never been reckoned. A curious statement, however, is made in Mr. Hopkins's reply to Mr. Tilden's unscrupulous claim that he had during his administration lowered the State taxes by many millions. Mr. Hopkins shows that when the Ring faction, Mr. Tilden's old companions, were driven from power, they were found to have taken from the sinking fund at Albany $6,500,000, and that a portion of the money had gone to pay for "sectarian appropriations."

To complete his subservience to his clerical faction, Mr. Tilden, in 1875, signed, and afterward defended, the Gray Nuns Bill, by which Roman Catholic seminaries were entitled to grant diplomas to teachers. Upon filing these diplomas in the Department of Public Instruction the Roman Catholic teacher, without any further examination, might be appointed by a Democratic superintendent to any of the schools. It was an acute device of the papal priests to obtain in New York what they have always been denied in France and Germany, and to make Roman Catholic seminaries the equals of the normal schools of the State. It is easy to see how, under a Democratic rule, the common schools would be filled with "Catholic" teachers; how small the chance would be for Protestant teachers to obtain employment. The Gray Nuns Bill was repealed in opposition to Mr. Tilden's wish, and to the great satisfaction of the people.

Every lesson from the history of modern states warns us what must be the fate of education where a clerical faction rules. The papal prelates make no secret of what they will do when they have the power. They mean to close every public school and seize upon the school fund. It is their conviction still that their Church is the only proper teacher, and that it has the right to suppress all other teaching by force. In Spain the Catholic government is closing all the Protestant schools in spite of the protests of Germany and England. In France the clerical faction threatens ruin at once to free education and the republic. Against the free schools of Italy the Pope issues his bitterest anathema. In Colombia the priests have excited a rebellion, because the government at Bogota have striven to plant non-sectarian free schools in the worst educated provinces. In New Mexico the Jesuits seem preparing for a similar revolt, and the *Revista Catolica* (August 6, 1876) would have no laws passed but those its Church approves. Oregon has long been agitated by the school question, and its children grow up untaught because the papal priests drive them away from the non-sectarian schools. All over the world this strange conflict is raging, and it is the Jesuits who every where lead on the attack. "The whole past history of the Jesuits," says the historian Grote, "from the commencement of their order, betokens an organized and systematic teaching of religion not for religious ends, but as a means of procuring political and social ascendency." This was said of the intrigues of the papal faction in the republic of Switzerland; it is even still more true in our own. The Papal Church has become with us a close political organization, moving together with signal accuracy, bold, resolute, unsparing; and the plain aim which it sets before its followers is the control of American education. What other purpose it may have it is too prudent to discover; but we need only look to the history of other countries to learn how fatal to freedom must be the intermeddling in our domestic politics of the foreign priests. It is against the common schools that Mr. Tilden and his clerical faction will aim their first blow. Let them receive so complete an overthrow in this important epoch as shall be final.

Eugene Lawrence.

AN ARTIST'S LOVE STORY.

"Turn thy head a little more to the right, Gigia *cara*, and lift thy right hand higher. There! that position is excellent. Thou shalt rest in a few moments, *ben amata*."

Gigia smiled, to assure the artist that it was any thing but wearisome for her to sit to him, and then, as if afraid that by her very smiling she should disturb her carefully arranged pose, her lips closed and assumed a more serious expression, though her eyes still shone and sparkled with laughter. They fixed themselves on Antonio Ferretti's face, bent so earnestly and lovingly to his work. Whenever his gaze met hers, she retained the same bright look; so soon as his attention was riveted on the canvas, those black eyes of hers changed. They became grave, then crafty, and glanced furtively around the room, uneasily resting now on one picture, now on another.

In the silence that followed Antonio's words, let us take a nearer view of the scene. The studio is large, well lighted, and cheerful. The floor is bare, save for a Turkish rug spread over the small platform on which Gigia is sitting, and behind which stands a long folding-screen, dark green in color, serving the double purpose of forming a background for the model and of shutting off all draught from the door behind. The ceiling is covered with a whole army of Cupids, which Antonio, at the risk of breaking his neck, has placed there with his own ready brushes and paints.

It is more than likely that a New England housekeeper would object to his room on the score of its being in disorder; but the confusion at least is artistic, and there is no dust allowed to rest on any spot. In one corner is a pile of many-colored garments: Turkish costumes, Egyptian mantles, Roman peasant dress, turbans, sandals, cloaks, shawls of every hue and variety, are lying in a mass, ready to be taken forth at the artist's pleasure and draped around the form of some model.

In another corner stands a plaster cast of the Apollo Belvidere, erect with a consciousness of his own beauty. Opposite smiles the Medicean Venus; and not far off the Beauty of the Louvre gazes (as well as she possibly can with her plaster eyes) on her Florentine rival with an air that seems to say, "I, with my dignity, am not afraid of you, with all your perfection of grace." Various other plaster faces hang against the wall, and here and there an arm, hand, or foot. And then the paintings! Ah, they speak for themselves. No need of extolling that representation of the immortal Dante turning once more to gaze on Florence ere he, an exile, leaves it forever. The dignity and the grief of his form and countenance are blended with such harmonious tints that one stands before the picture rendered speechless by admiration. And that fairy-like and fanciful imagining of Undine at the moment when she, because of the angry words spoken by her husband, is being drawn down by her kindred to her home beneath the waves, leaving Huldebrand and Bertha in the boat aghast at their work. No praises could add to the beauty of this painting. The scene touches the heart before the words have time to reach the lips.

Other pictures there are, the subjects drawn from sacred and profane history, mythology, books of poetry and of prose; all finely done; all showing power, strength of conception and execution, and at the same time a certain careful selection of the softest and most delicate colors.

The furniture in the room is of the simplest description, for Antonio Ferretti is not yet wealthy. Fame has raised her trumpet for him nearly to her lips, but until the blast comes, full and loud and clear, as it surely will in a short while, it takes all that he can earn to provide for his living and to pay for his models and other artistic necessities.

And now let us cast a glance on the spirit of this studio, as he stands before his easel—the tall, handsome, manly artist. He indulges in none of the eccentricities of genius; his black locks are thick and curling, but they are *not* allowed to fall to his shoulders. His attire, like that of any other gentleman, with no striking peculiarities of shape and color, is faultlessly neat. His face, of the Roman type (for Antonio, though residing in Florence, is a native of the Eternal City), shows determination, perseverance, and enthusiasm—true ingredients of genius. If we observe it still more closely, we may see by the now half-hidden gleam in his dark eyes that he has the Southron's passionate temper; that in a moment of sudden anger he might be led to commit deeds unworthy of his noble nature. But the wide, open brow and certain lines about the mouth show us that he has in part learned to keep a control over himself, and that if in an outburst of wrath he should chance to wrong any one or any thing, he would repent of it for the remainder of his life, and do all that he could in the way of reparation. Besides generosity, his face indicates perfect truthfulness, such as can never swerve aside, nor suspect others of doing so. Knowing himself worthy of all trust, he would repose perfect confidence in others.

The picture upon which he is working is a representation of Helen of Troy at the moment when she consents to flee with Paris. Beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, is Helen in the picture, and her face is an exact copy of the model's. Pure Grecian features, soft, delicate contour, complexion clear and white, rendered more striking by the blackness of the eyes, lashes, and hair. Look at her from every side, place her in any position, and Gigia will still be perfection in beauty and grace. No wonder that Antonio delights to paint so fair a creature; no wonder that he lingers lovingly over his work, endeavoring by a touch here and a touch there to express even better than before that wonderful symmetry of form, that rich and exquisite coloring; no wonder that his heart swells with joy and pride when he remembers that Gigia has promised to be his wife!

I shall not go back and give a detailed account of Antonio's love and courtship, or of Gigia's consent. She is the daughter of his *padrona* or landlady; he met her about three months before, when he moved into his present lodgings, and at first sight became fascinated by her beauty; love soon followed, and she consented to marry him. But I have no time for further digression. A step is heard on the stairs, the studio door is opened. Antonio, looking up, perceives a young man, tall, like himself, blonde, unlike himself, and attired in a way that proclaims him to be one of those wealthy young fellows who have nothing whatever to do but the perfecting of their own appearance and the ornamenting of their persons.

"Ah! is it thou, *amico?*" says Antonio, cheerily. "It is a long while since we have seen thy face. There is nothing wrong with thee, I trust?"

"Nothing, Antonio *mio*. I have had some little business matters to attend to, that is all."

Cesare Ricasoli was standing directly behind Antonio. The artist did not see the look which he gave to Gigia, nor—so occupied was he at that moment in striving to impart the desired tint to a refractory lock of hair that fell over the fair neck of Helen of Troy—did he perceive how his model reddened under that gaze, how an eager look came into her eyes, and how for one moment she leaned forward, her lips slightly parted, to form the word "*caro*." Cesare lifted a warning finger: she quickly sank into her former position.

"How dost thou like my picture, Cesare?" asked Antonio. "Canst thou not suggest some alteration?"

"It needs nothing to make it more beautiful than it is," answered Ricasoli. "Thou art a genius, Antonio. There is no painter equal to thee in all Italy, and that thou knowest the world will soon discover. But tell me why the face of thy Paris is still left a blank."

"Because as yet I have been able to find no model for it."

"I will pose for thee—" began Cesare; but Antonio stopped him.

"Thou, *amico mio?* Never. Thy face could never look like the face of Paris."

"What! am I not handsome enough to suit thee?" laughed the young man, casting a complacent glance at the place where a mirror should have been, and was not.

"Thou art an Apollo," answered the artist. "What I mean is that thy face could never wear the expression of deceit and treachery which Paris, a man who persuaded Helen to forsake the one to whom she owed allegiance, must have. Thou couldst never commit such an unworthy action, Cesare."

This time there was no reply. Antonio did not notice the fact, for he was again bending eagerly over his work; but if his glance had chanced to rest upon either his friend or his betrothed, he would have seen that a heavy frown had darkened the brow of the one, and that every trace of color had left the cheek of the other, while she dared not lift her eyes from the ground. The unconscious Antonio continued:

"It seems to me, Cesare, that there are few men on this earth more favored than I. Besides having a dear old mother, well and happy, living in Rome, I have a *fidanzata* [betrothed] who is the most beautiful woman in the world, and whom it shall be the one endeavor of my life to render happy, and a true friend, whom I can always trust. It was kind of thee, Cesare, wealthy, gay gallant that thou art, to swear eternal friendship to the poor struggling artist."

Again a silence. Gigia felt that it must be broken.

"There is yet another possession that will soon be thine, Antonio *mio*, that must be dearer to thee than either friend or *fidanzata*, and that is *fame*."

"Nay," answered the artist, eagerly, dropping his palette and brushes, as he approached his model; "believe me, Gigia, fame is dear to me, but it is nothing compared to the love I feel for thee. I would rather, ay, a thousand times rather, have *thee*, and be forever ignored by the world, than to be worshiped by nations, and be without my Gigia. Cesare," turning to the young exquisite, "thou knowest nothing of love as yet, and therefore thou canst not understand me when I talk thus; but thy time will come, *amico*—thy time will come. *Chi sa?* Perhaps it has come already," noticing a peculiar expression on Ricasoli's countenance.

Cesare was spared the pain of answering, for a loud knock at the door interrupted them. A boy entered and handed a telegram to Antonio, who tore it open, and read:

"Come to Rome at once. Your mother is very ill."

"What is the matter, *amico?*" exclaimed Cesare, for Antonio had suddenly grown pale and sunk into a chair, putting his hand to his forehead, as if in pain.

"My beloved mother is ill—perhaps dying," said the artist, faintly. Then, starting up and looking at his watch: "There is just half an hour before the train leaves. Help me, Cesare, to get ready to depart."

Silently and hastily they packed a few things into a small portmanteau. Then Antonio clasped Gigia to his breast, and said, "Farewell, beloved. I can not tell why, but some presentiment of sorrow, connected with thee, seems to oppress my heart."

Gigia trembled like an aspen leaf, but forced a smile, and answered, "It is fancy, Antonio. Thou art anxious about thy mother, and all seems gloom to thee."

"Cesare," said the artist again, "I may be absent for weeks, and I leave my treasure in thy charge. Be wary, lest any thing happen to her, for she is dearer to me than life itself. Farewell;" and with one more embrace to his betrothed, he was gone.

His mother, whom he idolized, was now very old. She was so attached to Rome, the place where she had been wooed, won, and married, where four children had been born to her, where three of them, and finally her husband, had died, leaving her alone but for her son, that, when he expressed a desire to live in Florence, she bade him go, but could not herself bear to leave her native city.

For two weeks after Antonio's summons to Rome she lingered; but one evening she called him to her bedside, and said, in a faint though calm voice, "To-night I shall leave thee, my Antonio."

"Oh, mother, no! Live! live!—I need thee!" entreated the young man, kneeling by her and taking one of her hands in his. It was cold as ice, but he retained it, and endeavored by chafing to impart to it some of his own warmth. His mother continued, as though she had not heard him:

"I shall leave this world to-night, my son; but I see thee, Antonio—I see thee famous, world-renowned; I see admiring crowds surround thee; I see gold pouring in upon thee; I see thee standing proud, triumphant—"

"And happy, with Gigia by my side, mother?" interposed Antonio, pleadingly.

The dying woman turned upon him her eyes, filled with an unutterable sadness, though the light of prophecy still shone in them, and said, more faintly even than before,

"Nay, Antonio! I see thee famous, indeed, but alone."

Antonio covered his eyes with his hands, shuddering. When he looked up, his mother had fallen back upon the pillow, and was dead. A week from that time, in Florence, he walked up the Via della Scala, where was his studio. His step was slow; his face was sad and downcast, and told even plainer than did the mourning band upon his hat the bereavement he had just suffered. In the same dejected manner he entered the house and ascended the stairs; his eye lighted with sudden joy, it is true, as he neared the floor on which he lived, and thought that he might find Gigia in his studio; but his brow grew gloomy again, and he muttered to himself, "Alone! What did it mean? Can it be that she fancied Gigia—But no, the thought is unworthy of me. Gigia is my faithful betrothed, and she—yes, she and Cesare—will help console me for the loss I have just sustained."

His face grew again more cheerful, and with a lighter step he climbed the remaining flight of stairs. His studio door was open; he entered, and heard voices in the room, though he could see no one, on account of the folding-screen. "Gigia and Cesare are taking care of the atelier for me," was his first thought, and he was about to go on, when a word fell on his ear that arrested him, turned his blood cold, and made his heart almost stop beating. It was Gigia who spoke.

"Cesare," she said, "ah, how I love thee!"

Antonio could neither move nor speak, from horror; he thought his ears must have deceived him, and listened more intently than before. It was Cesare's voice this time.

"Angela, thou art really mine now, is it not so? Antonio can have no more power over thee?"

"None," answered Gigia; and then followed a kiss. This was too much for the unhappy artist. With one bound he sprang from behind the screen, and confronted the two wretched beings who had ruined his every chance of happiness. If a spectre had suddenly arisen before them, the lovers could not have been more startled. White with terror and conscious wrong, they stood speechless and trembling before Antonio, who was by this time in a passion too strong to be controlled.

"Speak!" he said, in a voice full of anger and emotion. "Canst thou not find words, thou traitor, thou vile deceiver? Nay, thou shalt never speak more!" seizing the cowardly Cesare by the throat; "thou shalt suffer for thy perfidy;" and he drew forth a sharp stiletto, and held it aloof. Gigia fell upon her knees, and clasping her hands in agony, cried,

"Antonio, spare him! spare him! He is my husband; he was once thy friend!"

The stiletto fell to the floor with a crash. In a dazed manner Antonio repeated, "Thy husband—married!" and sank into a seat, leaning upon a table and burying his face in his arms. A deep silence followed. Cesare and Gigia were afraid to move, dreading lest a violent mood might once more come upon him. What was passing through the unfortunate Antonio's mind during those still, awful moments?

His memory went back, ten years or more, to the time when he was but a youth, looking forward to his artistic career with naught but hope and pleasure. He saw, as distinctly as if the scene were before him, a walk overshadowed by tall, gracefully bending trees, through which shone rays of departing sunshine, which were caught and imprisoned by every nodding leaf. He saw two youths strolling along arm in arm, oblivious of every surrounding, intent alone upon their conversation.

"Antonio," spoke one, "thy friend will I be forever. I would that I could die for thee, to prove the strength of my friendship."

"And I," said the other youth—"I will *live* for thee, Cesare. If by sacrificing my most cherished hopes I can ever make thee happy, thou shalt see that my love for thee is no idle tale."

The past vanished; the present returned. Slowly the artist raised his head. Gigia and Cesare were more astonished by the expression on his face than they had been by his sudden appearance. It was no longer wrathful. They saw there sorrow deep and true; nay, more, there was an anguish in his eyes as he turned them, first on his former betrothed and then on his false friend, that showed how bitter had been his disappointment, and how deep the wound he had received. Moreover, there was a certain noble resolve expressed in his face that awed them into silence. When he spoke, it was in a low, sad tone.

"Cesare, I was thinking of the day when thou and I vowed eternal friendship. Thou hast broken thy vows; thou hast dealt me a blow from the effects of which I can never recover; thou hast taken from me the only two things that made my life bearable—Gigia's love and thy friendship. Yet, in spite of thy treachery, my vows to thee shall ever be kept. Nay, I even ask thy forgiveness for the impulse that but a few moments since would have caused me to take thy life." Then turning to Gigia, while a still sadder tone in his voice showed the agony he was enduring, he said: "And thou, Gigia, whom I loved so tenderly, whom, as I have told thee, it would have been the one wish of my life to render happy, it is easy to see why thou hast deserted me. I was neither handsome nor rich enough to suit thy fickle fancy. But how came it that I knew nothing of all this? Why couldst thou not have told me, girl, that thy love for me had gone? Thinkest thou I would have had an unloving bride?"

"I was afraid," sobbed Gigia.

"And Cesare persuaded thee to go so far that I should be powerless to separate you?" finished Antonio.

Their silence confirmed his suspicions.

"But thy mother, Gigia, she wished me well. How came she to consent to this? Ah," with a glance around the studio, "I see. A poor artist by the side of a wealthy young man! It was not to be thought of. Well," with a sudden hardness, "Cesare and Gigia Ricasoli" (he forced himself to say the name), "go, and so long as you are well and happy, let me never see or hear of you. But if you are ever suffering or in want, come to me, and I will not refuse aid. I can never forget vows made to friend and betrothed. Nay," as they were about to speak, "not one word. Go."

And they went.

Not many months later two pictures stood side by side in the studio of Antonio Ferretti. One was the painting for which Gigia had posed, but the face of Paris was no longer a blank: it was Cesare Ricasoli who knelt before Helen, imploring her to fly with him. The other picture represented Menelaus at the moment when he discovers his wife's treachery; the grief, the disappointment, the despair of every feature and every line of his figure was such that, gazing on it, it was impossible to restrain the rising tears. Every touch of the brush upon the canvas had been fraught with agony; the artist had laid bare his own soul in painting the picture, and he had his reward. The companion paintings had won him a name; he was the first artist of the day. Gold and demands for pictures poured in upon him daily; he was courted and sought after by all; royalty itself had done him honor; and the world thought he had nothing to desire.

Yet here he sat one winter night by the dying fire, with no proud triumphant bearing, no exultant gleam in his eyes, no look such as one would expect Fame's darling to wear. He had sunk back in the cushions of his chair, his fingers were tightly interlocked, his eyes sad and weary, as he thought to himself:

"Mother, thou wert a true prophet. Fame has come—ay, and more than I ever, even in my wildest dreams, dared hope for; wealth I have in abundance; but friend and betrothed are gone, and I am alone."

OUR INDIAN WAR.

On page 877 we give two very interesting illustrations from the region where our forces under General Crook have been operating against the hostile Sioux. The first represents a wounded soldier carried, or rather dragged, on a "travau," a sort of litter formed of tent poles, of which the upper ends are fastened to the back of a horse or mule and the lower drag on the ground—a mode of conveyance borrowed from the Indians, which answers very well where the ground is smooth. The camp is one formed by soldiers of the Fifth Cavalry on Whitewood Creek, to the north of the Black Hills, which appear in the distance. Prominent above the range appears the bold crest of Bare Peak. The low tents, which look like baggage-wagon tops, are called "wickyups," and are merely canvas laid over light frames of wood.

The second illustration affords a picturesque view of Deadwood City, a miners' town, situated in the Black Hills, where supplies for our half-starved troops were obtained after a long and exhausting march through a country where nothing in the shape of food could be found. Deadwood City is quite a flourishing settlement. Rich deposits of gold have been discovered in its neighborhood, and numerous stories are told of fortunate miners who have made fortunes there. But there are hundreds of men in and about the mines in a state of miserable destitution. The proximity of the Sioux makes it dangerous to venture far beyond the limits of the settlement. It is said that at least a hundred miners have been killed this season by these savages.

The result of this summer's operations against the Sioux shows that while it is practicable to surprise and destroy Indian villages, it is almost impossible to force a battle with the Indians. Our cavalry horses seem to be no match for Indian ponies either in speed or endurance, and the carbine with which our troops are armed proves to be an unsuitable weapon for the kind of warfare in which they are engaged. It is notorious that the Indians are better armed. This will continue to be the case until more stringent regulations in regard to the sale of arms to the Indians are enforced at all the agencies.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER, 1876.

Saturday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

NOVEMBER.

Wednesday, 1.—All-Saints.
Sunday, 5.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

The meetings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have become great Christian festivals, and the last, which began in the city of Hartford, October 3, did not in this respect fall behind its predecessors. Four thousand persons were in attendance; not only was the place of meeting, the Opera-house, packed with people, but the adjacent churches also were called into requisition. As many as 2000 delegates and visitors were assigned to places of entertainment by the Committee of Arrangements. Although the year just closed has been for the Board one of much financial distress, it has been otherwise very successful. It was found necessary to reduce the expenditures below those of the preceding year to the extent of $37,000. The entire income of 1876 was $465,442. Twenty-two new missionaries were sent out during the year.

Among the interesting features of the meeting was the presence of a large number of missionaries from foreign fields; their addresses excited much enthusiasm. Two thousand ladies were in attendance upon the meetings of the "Women's Board," and the helpfulness of this auxiliary was acknowledged by the greater body in every possible way. The Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins was elected president for the coming year, the Hon. William E. Dodge, vice-president, and the Rev. Drs. Selah B. Treat, Nathaniel G. Clark, and K. R. Alden, secretaries. Providence was selected as the next place of assembling. The Japanese Minister of Education was introduced to the Board, and spoke a few words. The spirit of the sessions was well expressed in the language of Dr. Hopkins: "Probably no $15,000,000 were ever spent more profitably than the disbursements of this Board. The past year, though not all that was desired in respect of money, has been one of great activity of the forces of Christianity. I never expected to live to see what I have seen to-day—the representative of Japan coming in here, and bringing statistics which put them [the Japanese] in advance of any State but Massachusetts in education."

The effects following Mr. Moody's sermons in Chicago differ in no respect from the effects produced in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, London, Philadelphia, and New York. His preaching has all its old vivacity and power. Farwell Hall, which is used daily for noon prayer-meetings, is filled before the hour of noon arrives; the Tabernacle will not hold all the people who come to it each evening. Some of Mr. Moody's sermons can be recognized as the same as were delivered last winter; others are fresh. Of one of Mr. Sankey's songs the Chicago *Post* says: "After the first few lines, the hymn poured forth with unbroken melody. The effect on the assemblage was very marked. The crowded house was absolutely quiet. There was no moving, and the inevitable coughing sank away almost to nothing. Sitting with one's back to the audience, it might have been imagined that the house, packed with thousands, was empty."

It is evident that the three lectures delivered by Professor Huxley in this city will be very thoroughly examined by the religious organs of opinion. It is evident, too, that the tone of debate will be wholly respectful to Professor Huxley himself. The *Christian Intelligencer* of this city says: "The time for free and popular discussion of evolution has come, and there is no disposition to evade or postpone it. If evolution, in any of its forms, shall be proved true beyond reasonable objection, it will make its way as certainly as did the Copernican system to universal acceptance." This is in the right spirit. One of the points made at the threshold of the discussion by the Christian apologists is an objection to Mr. Huxley's statement that only three views are held of the past history of nature. It is claimed that the Miltonic theory of creation is by no means the only one accepted by Christian thinkers.

In our country, when we detect the tricks of a professed spirit medium, we laugh at him; in England, they arrest him for swindling. Dr. E. Ray Lankester, Professor of Zoology in the University of London, by the exercise of a moderate degree of common-sense and a little decision, has exposed an American medium of the name of Slade. Slade professed that the spirits wrote on a slate held closely against the under side of a table. It did not take Dr. Lankester long to detect Slade as the writer of the spirit messages. By snatching the slate away at the proper moment, he demonstrated the fact of Slade's authorship. It is strange that this brood of swindlers, who make a mockery of one of the profoundest truths of all religion—the existence of a spiritual world—should flourish so long.

The plea for free churches made by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, the rector of Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, in this city, on the occasion of the dedication of a chapel in East Fourteenth Street, has been widely copied and freely commented upon by the press. Speaking of his own church, he said that while there had been progress toward the adoption of a free-seat system, the "progress had not been rapid, and the growth of a sounder sentiment in the Church at large had been painfully slow. As it should be in all great reforms, the clergy had been in the advance, and too much honor could not be given to men who had committed themselves to the free-church movement, in a noble disregard of every consideration of comfort or security." There is a Protestant Episcopal association in Philadelphia which has for its object the promotion of the building of free churches. Its reports have been published in this Intelligence. The subject is one of no little importance.

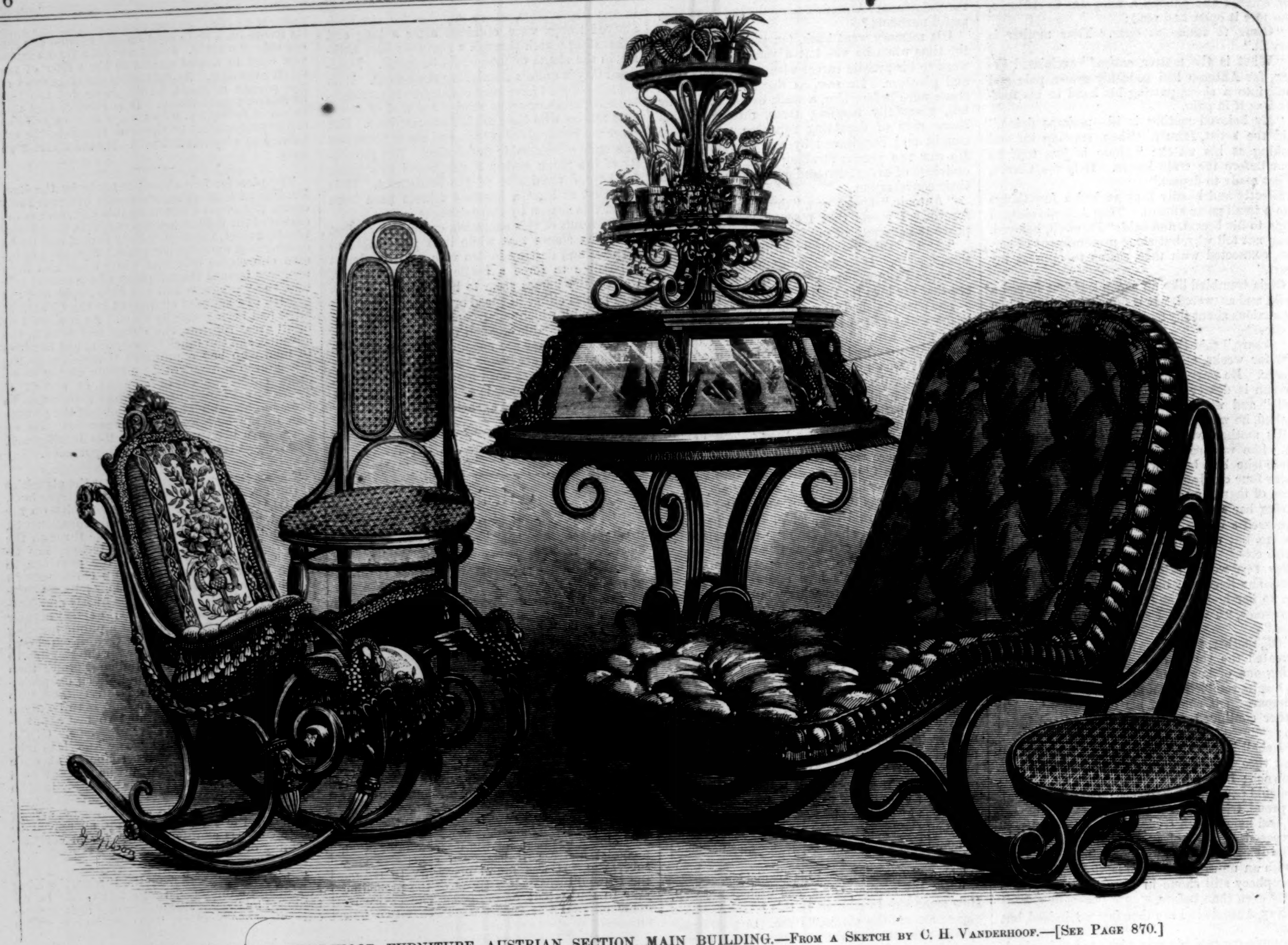
The excitement in England over the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria has reached fever heat. Mr. Gladstone has written a pamphlet on the subject, has made an address to his constituents, and another to the English people through the *Times*. The Archbishop of Canterbury has issued a letter to the clergy of the province, in which he urges them to take up collections in the churches for the relief of their fellow-Christians in the East. The bishops of Ely and Norwich have sent similar letters to the clergy of their dioceses. In a speech made at a public meeting held in Oxford, the Bishop of Oxford expressed the opinion that it was better for the English to run some risk with their Indian Empire than that they should appear to uphold an unspeakable wrong. Miss Florence Nightingale, who always comes forward when help is to be given to the suffering, has appealed to her countrymen to see justice done the Bulgarians. Of the Bulgarian people she says, "The American missionaries had but to plant schools; at once these spread and multiplied in the people's own hands." At a large and earnest meeting held in Guildhall, and presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, September 18, and addressed, among others, by the Rev. Dr. Parker, an appeal to the Queen was adopted, asking for an early assembling of Parliament.

In his recent speech from the throne, the King of Holland announced that a bill would be introduced by the government modifying the present system of education. The existing law, which was passed in 1857, prescribes neutrality with regard to the religious faiths of all Churches. It, however, contains a paragraph which authorizes the "inculcation of Christian and social virtues." The working of the law has never been satisfactory to the orthodox Protestants of Holland. They have united with the Catholics in a movement to compel the government to make grants to their denominational schools. The liberal party in the Chambers opposes the amendment, but desires the introduction of a bill to enlarge the provisions of the present law. The government wishes to bring in a measure which shall conciliate all parties, but finds difficulty in doing so.

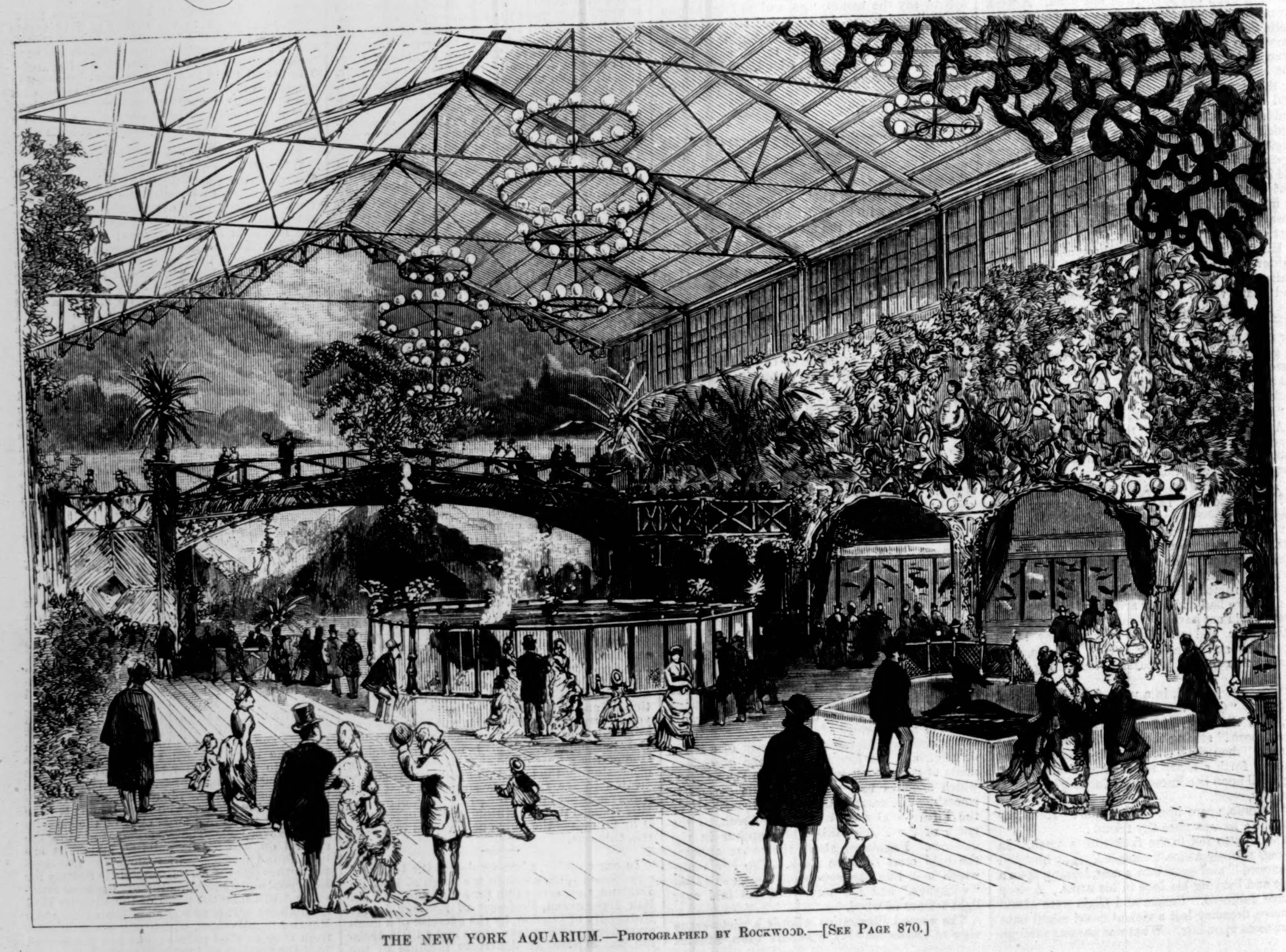
It is well known that the jealousy of the Greek Church felt at the Vatican has in former centuries had much to do with the entrance of the Turks into and their occupation of their present possessions in Europe. The papal organ, the *Voce della Verita*, now says: "Civilized and Christian Europe has some reason to prefer at Constantinople the Turk, who is no longer a danger for the Church and for liberty, to the Russian, who would drive away both, and from Constantinople would pour on Europe a flood of new barbarians much worse than the old Goths, Vandals, Huns, and Ostrogoths, because decked with a varnish of corrupt modern culture."

A "Ministers' Institute," for the training of ministers who are actively engaged in pastoral duty, has been attempted with success by the Free Baptists, at Hillsdale, Michigan, the seat of their college. The course of instruction was of two weeks' duration. The first half of each day was given to the consideration of selected questions, the afternoons to theological lectures by the college professors, and the evenings to preaching by the students and others. Such a plan could be followed to great advantage in perfecting the very partial education of many colored ministers of the South. Perhaps hardly any thing better could be devised for rapidly elevating the standard of intelligence among them.

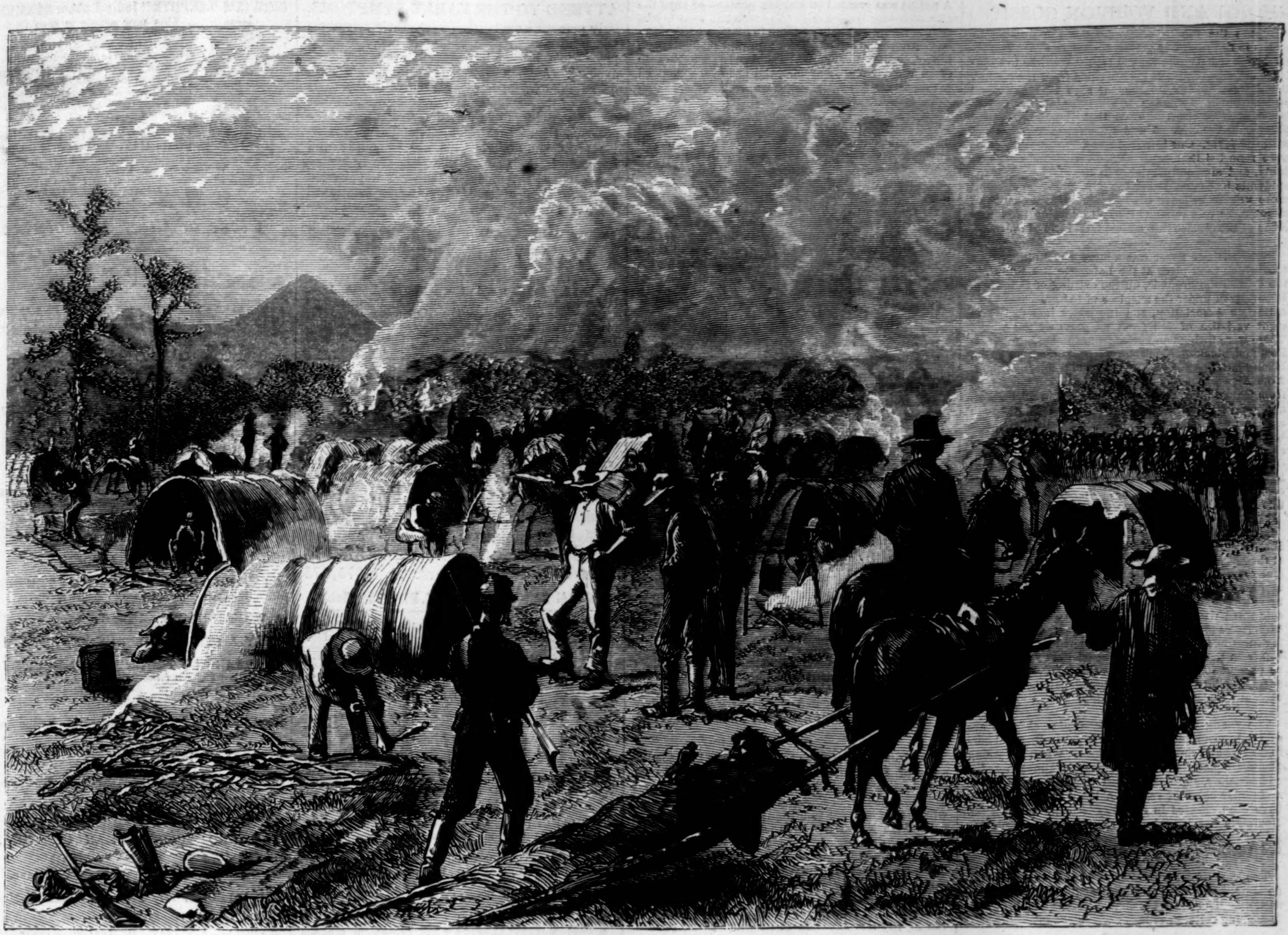
The question is often asked whether the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Great Britain has left permanent results. The answers have been various, but the fact of meetings kept up in towns and cities, with a large attendance of worshipers, is unquestionable. The result in Dublin has been the erection of a union building for religious services. Major Cole and other Americans have followed the line of Mr. Moody's progress through the north of England and Scotland, and have found every where numerous and susceptible hearers. The Victoria Hall, the huge wooden structure which was erected in Liverpool for Mr. Moody's use, has been occupied since for Sunday services and a daily prayer-meeting. Special success is reported among the carters, who have frequented the place, and who are a large class of the population of Liverpool. The government needing the ground on which this building stands, it has been found necessary to remove the meetings to another place. An "Evangelistic Society for Liverpool and its Neighborhood" has been formed, and will take the place of the Victoria Hall Committee. This new society has secured the Royal Amphitheatre, which will accommodate from 3000 to 4000 persons, and has transferred to it the services so long held in the hall.



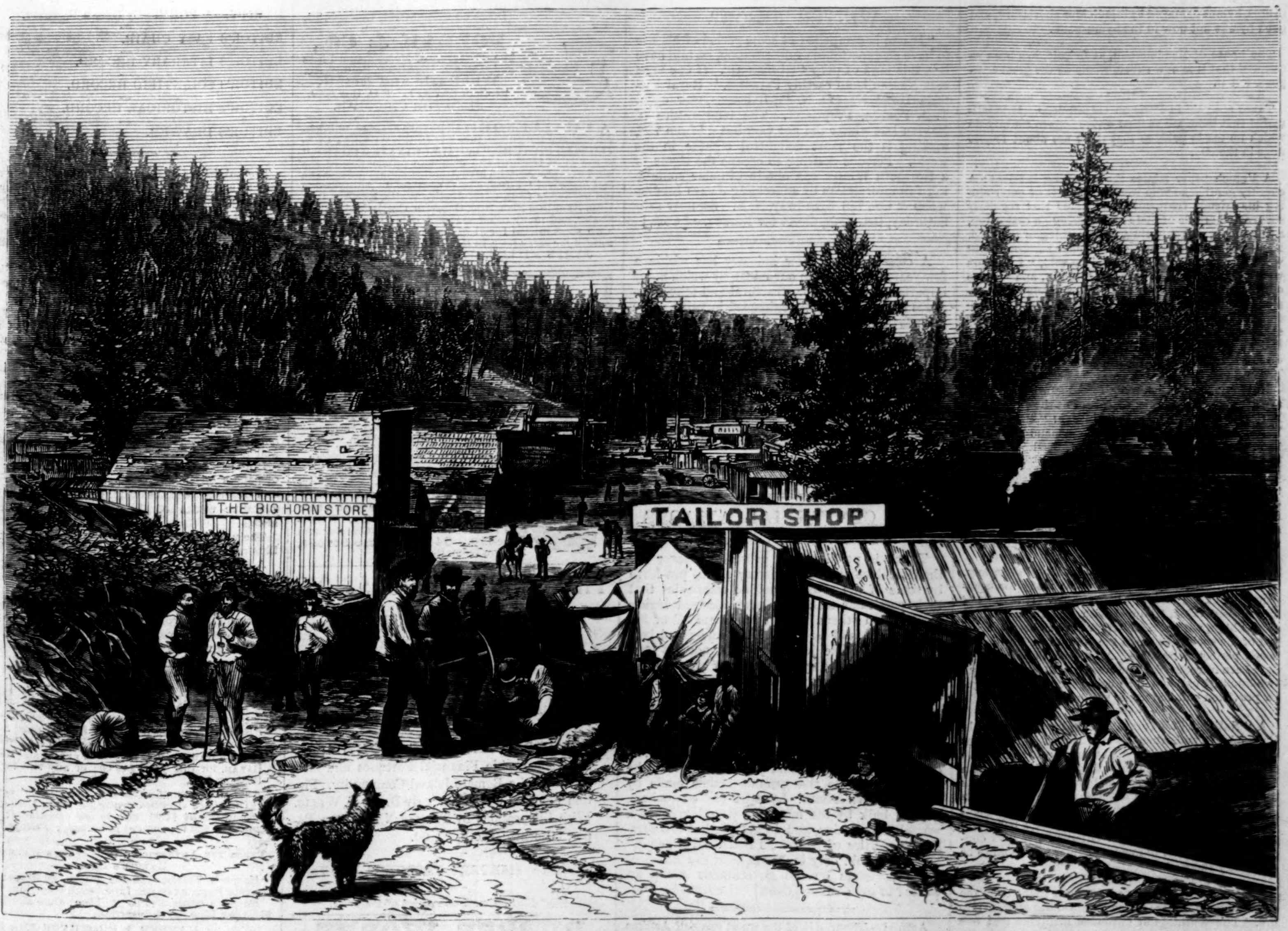
THE CENTENNIAL—BENT-WOOD FURNITURE, AUSTRIAN SECTION, MAIN BUILDING.—From a Sketch by C. H. Vanderhoof.—[See Page 870.]



THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 870.]



THE INDIAN WAR—A SICK SOLDIER ON A TRAVAU.—From a Sketch by J. Bower.—[See Page 875.]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THE INDIAN WAR—DEADWOOD CITY, BLACK HILLS OF DAKOTA.—Photographed by S. J. Morrow.—[See Page 875.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

During the month of September the number of deaths in Savannah by yellow fever was 538. The fever broke out August 20, and from that time to October 7 not less than 1000 persons died from the plague. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that the usual population of Savannah is about 30,000. A census taken on October 7 showed that there were 21,000 persons in the city. About 800 were then prostrated with the fever. One hundred and fifty-three new cases were reported that day. The disease comes on suddenly, and almost invariably in the night. After the epidemic had spread over the city, it was regarded as more unsafe to leave than to remain, as a change of atmosphere was thought likely to develop the latent seeds of the disease into a most fatal form of the fever.

Perhaps there never was a more novel dinner than that which took place at the Lafayette Restaurant, in the Centennial grounds, on the evening of October 6. It was given under the auspices of the American Fish-culturists Association, and the *menu* included fifty-eight varieties of fish from all parts of the world. There were turbots and soles from England, eels from Portugal, plnck-fish from Norway, mixillon from Spain, black shark fins and white ones from China, oolachans from Alaska, dried fish maws and dried octopus eggs from China; Norway showed mackerel in oil, halibut, and salmon, while Portugal tickled the palates with squid in oil; Turkey sent botargo (mullet roes), and the Cape of Good Hope contributed cray-fish; Japan showed some not very toothsome shake and dried salmon; and a preparation of Japanese sea-weed, called kau-ten pudding, was specially cooked by the chief cook of the Japanese Commission. The bill of fare of this extraordinary dinner is worth studying.

The Convention of the Woman's Union Missionary Society is held on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of October, at the Church of the Pilgrims, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Brooklyn. The sessions of each day will be occupied with devotional exercises, reports from various mission stations and home organizations, discussion of matters connected with the interests of the work, addresses from ladies present, and social intercourse. The evening meetings will be mainly conducted by clergymen, and from the character of those who have engaged to be present it is expected that these services will be peculiarly interesting. The devotional meeting will open at ten o'clock in the morning.

The young plants of the *Eucalyptus globulus* are said to have a remarkable effect in preventing and curing fevers and rheumatic affections. When the young plants are placed in a closed room, the atmosphere becomes balmy, and sick persons in the room experience a singular sense of relief. A large number of cures have been effected in this way in Spain and Algeria. Neuralgia has been known to disappear by placing young leaves of the Eucalyptus beneath the pillow of the sufferer.

The works for the Exhibition of 1878, in the Champ de Mars, Paris, are being pushed forward with great activity. The ground is almost inclosed, and the railings along certain avenues have been fixed.

In connection with the revision of the Methodist Episcopal hymn-book, communications have been invited by the revising committee in reference to objectionable hymns in the present collection, worthless hymns, hymns damaged by injudicious alterations, and good hymns not now in the hymn-book.

The house of Mendelssohn, at Leipsic, has been so restored that it is now substantially as the great composer left it.

Taxes are paid in Paris on 112,000 dogs. It is estimated that there are at least 40,000 dogs in the city on which no tax is paid, so that there are about 150,000 dogs in the city.

A French paper relates the following incident: A country gentleman who was in the habit of entertaining his friends frequently, discovered that regularly some small article of plate was missing—a castor top, a salt-spoon, a napkin-ring, or something of the kind. He suspected his servants, and, to make sure, one night when the guests had assembled he said, "I tell you what: let's do without servants to-night, and wait on ourselves." The odd suggestion was greeted with applause and peals of laughter. The servants were turned out; the meal was seasoned with sparkling sallies at the expense of the clumsiness of this or that guest; and when they had all gone, the host took stock, and discovered that two-thirds of the spoons had gone too.

Not long ago a quiet, well-dressed gentleman called at the office of the French Minister of the Interior, in Paris, and thus addressed the minister: "Sir, I am the Baron de Romiand, and I come to demand of you the hand of the statue of Liberty that M. Bartholdi is casting for the city of New York. I wish that before it goes to the United States our nuptials should be solemnly and publicly celebrated at the expense of the state." As soon as the minister could recover from his stupefaction he gave the suitor for the hand of the colossal statue in charge. He proved to be a M. De Romiand, who had become insane owing to family afflictions.

The new building of the New York Hospital Society, in Fifteenth Street, will probably be ready for occupancy about the middle of November. It is built of fine pressed brick, trimmed with granite, and is five stories high, with Mansard-roof. It has been the object of the society to make the New York Hospital as nearly perfect as possible. All known improvements have been introduced. The hospital will accommodate two hundred patients in an emergency; but the regular provision will be for one hundred and seventy.

A "National Cab Company" has been organized in Philadelphia, and, when it is in full operation, carriages can be procured at all hours at the rate of twenty-five cents for a quarter of an hour, fifty cents for more than a quarter and not over half an hour, seventy-five cents for more than a half and not over three-quarters of an hour, or one dollar an hour. A clock arrangement within the carriage records the time each passenger uses the carriage. Such an enterprise, if well conducted, can not fail to meet a popular want, and to be ultimately successful.

Many ridiculous patents have been granted by the examining committee of the Patent-office at Washington. The Washington *Chronicle* mentions that one man obtained a patent for a combined plow and cannon, and gives a ludicrous sketch of what might happen if the cannon went off when the plow was in use. A patent was granted to another person—so says the *Chronicle*—for tying a brick to a cow's tail, so as to prevent her from switching her tail in his eyes while milking. Another received a patent for placing a house on rollers, so that it could not be shaken to pieces in case of an earthquake. Any one who has ever examined the models in the Patent-office will recall others as curious as these.

The work of restoring the façade of the Louvre is now nearly completed. It was found that the columns were not only bronzed by age, but that the stone-work was wearing away. A restoration similar to the present one was effected in the beginning of this century.

A French paper relates that, many years ago, Victor Hugo, when about to make the journey through Germany which inspired his book, *The Rhine*, called at the passport office, when the following conversation took place with the clerk:

"Your name, if you please?"

"Victor Hugo."

"Age?"

"Thirty-three."

"Profession?"

The poet lifted proudly his Olympian front, and replied, with majesty, "Founder of my school."

"Very well. Write"—turning to another clerk—"write out a passport for M. Victor Hugo; age, thirty-three; school-teacher."

Among the plants distributed this year from the Botanic Garden in Washington is the *Aralia papyrifera*, which produces the beautiful substance known as rice-paper. It grows about ten feet high, with a stem four inches in diameter, full of white pith. By the aid of a sharp instrument this is divided into thin, narrow sheets, known as rice-paper. This plant was first introduced from the island of Formosa to Europe, at Kent Gardens, in 1853; from there it has been widely disseminated. It is almost naturalized in some parts of Australia. In the Southern States, and perhaps California, it will flourish. As an out-door ornamental foliage plant it is well worthy of cultivation in any part of the country.

Fresh, ripe fruit is a preventive to disease when eaten as an article of food regularly and moderately. Apples are unusually abundant and cheap this fall, and it will be well to remember that they are both nutritious and healthful. Prepared in various ways, they may form a large portion of the diet of children and of dyspeptics.

The London *Times* says that Delhi is to be made the scene of a grand ceremony on the first day of next year, in order to signalize the fact that her Majesty has assumed the title of Empress of India. The ceremony will be held at Delhi to denote that her Majesty is the heir of the Mogul Empire, the inheritor alike of its dignities, powers, and responsibilities. The assemblage will represent all the ruling authorities both of British India and the natives states. To the brilliant throng the Viceroy will explain that the assumption of the imperial title is intended to mark her Majesty's interest in her great dependency and her confidence in the loyalty and affection of its peoples and princes. Great preparations will be made for this occasion. There will also be public rejoicings and demonstrations throughout all India.

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A comparatively new industry has within a few years sprung up in our midst, by which many important materials for structural and other purposes have been greatly enhanced in value. We refer to the utilization of the indestructible, fibrous mineral asbestos in the manufacture of steam-pipe and boiler coverings, fire-proof coatings and cements, paints of all colors, roofing, sheathings, linings, etc.; and, as we find these articles are really worthy the attention of the public, we are pleased to note that the Centennial Medal and Diploma of Merit have been awarded to the patentee and manufacturer, Mr. H. W. Johns, No. 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y., from whom the genuine asbestos materials can only be procured.—[*Com.*]

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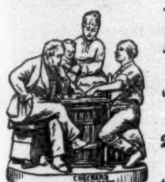

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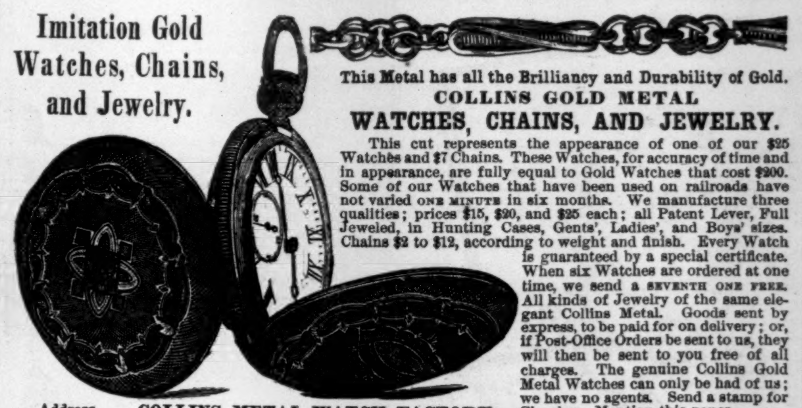

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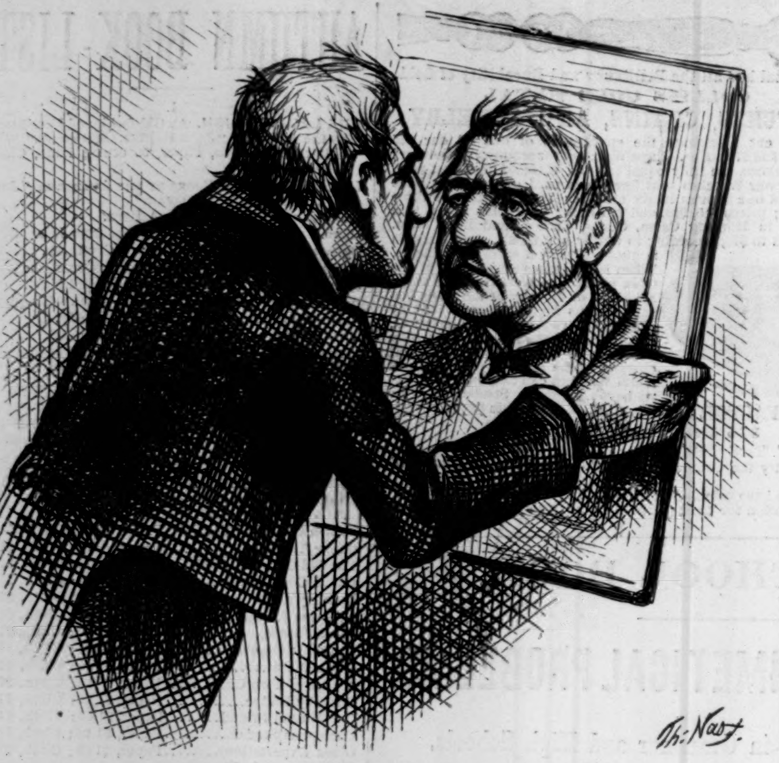

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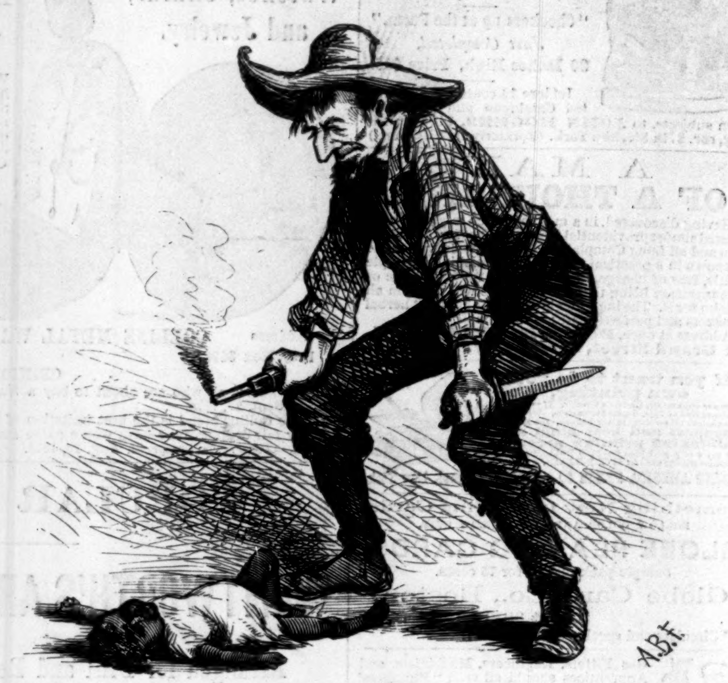

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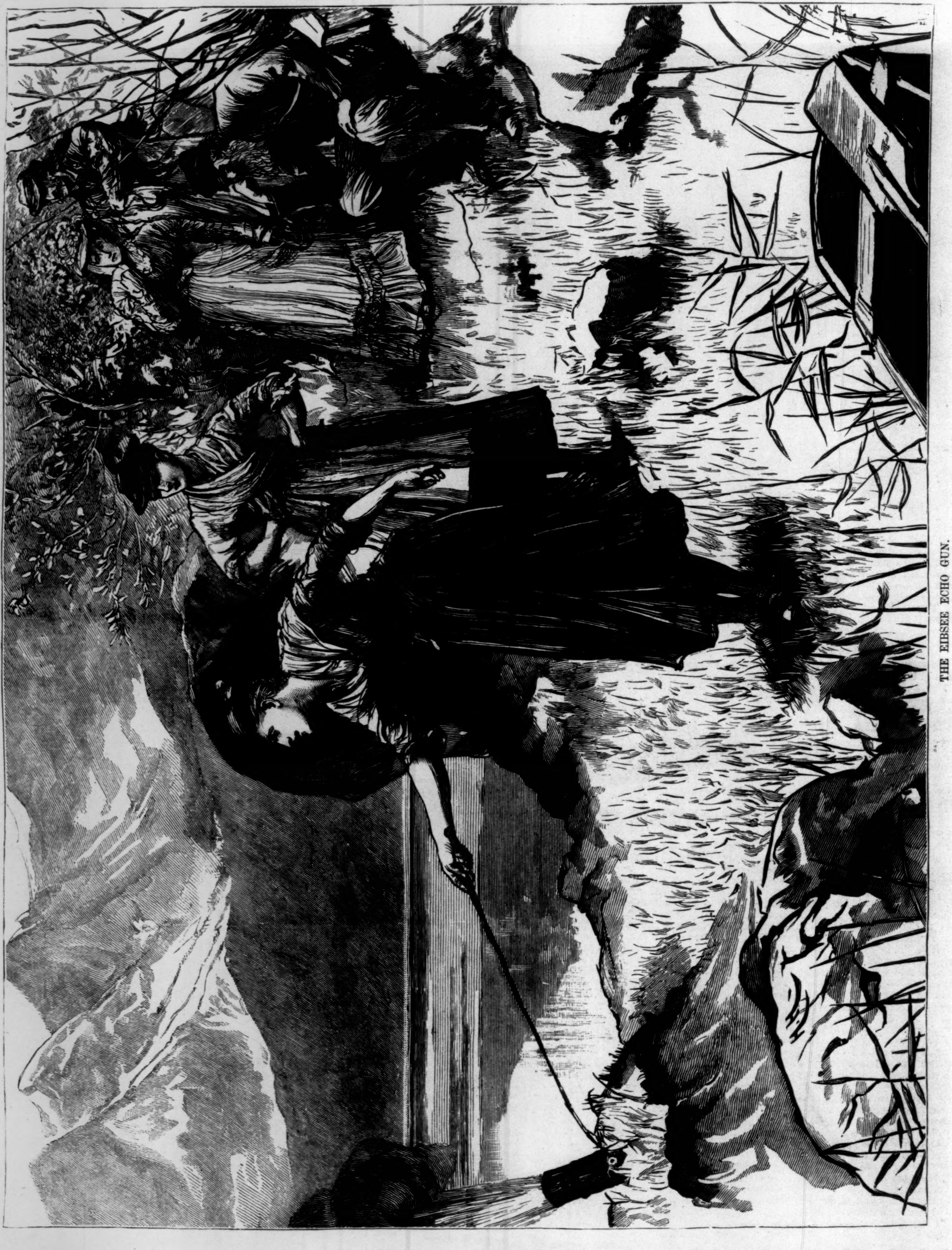

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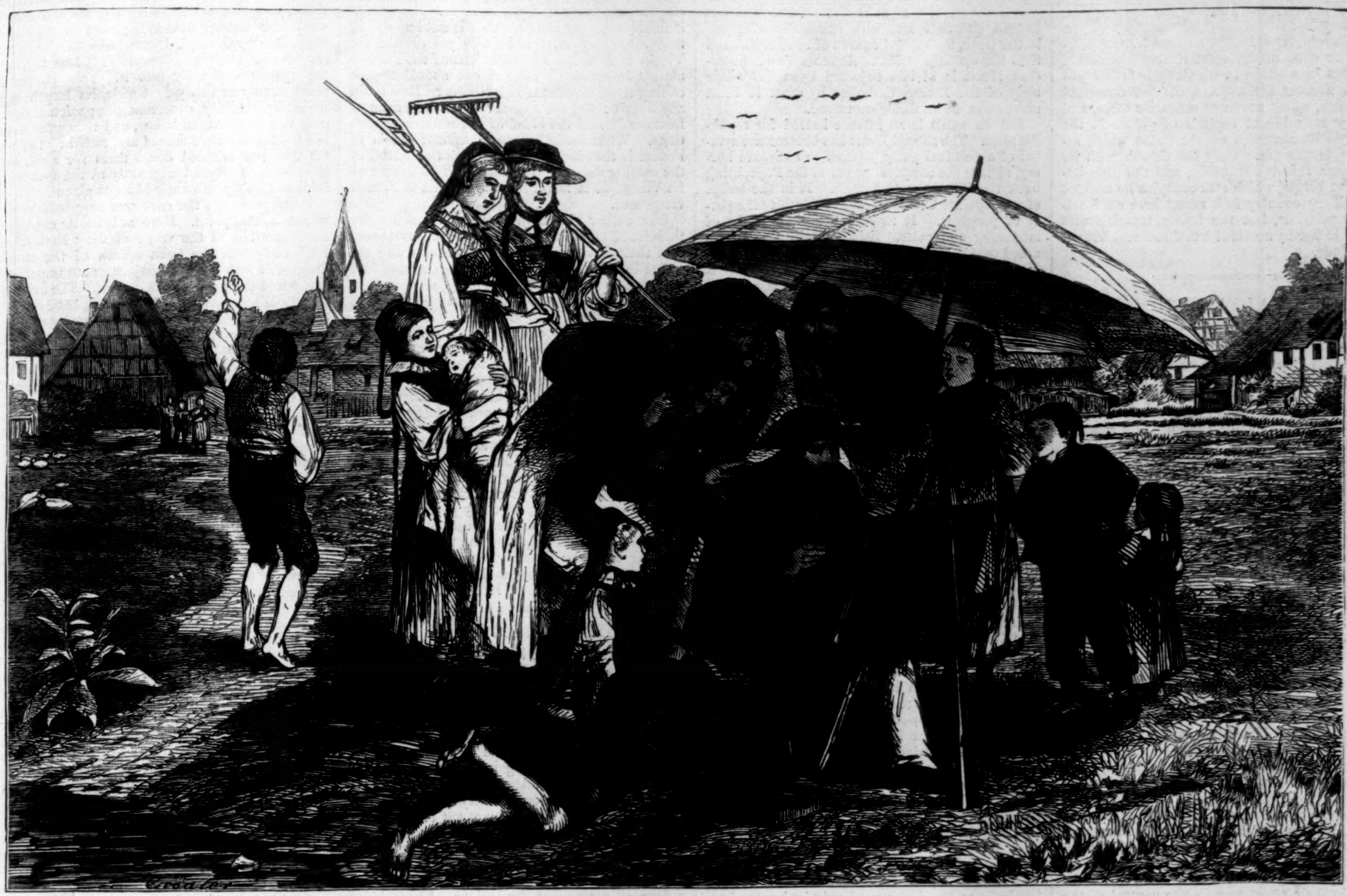
THE EIBSEE ECHO GUN.

THOSE travelers who turn aside from the beaten track of Alpine travel, to wander through that mountainous region known as the Bavarian Highlands, are amply repaid for their trouble by a view of some of the most beautiful inland lakes in the world. It is a peculiarity of most of the streams in Bavaria that their exit from the mountains is marked by a large basin or lake, which they seem to form and flow through before commencing their proper course toward the level country. The view given in our engraving is that of a section of the Eibsee, a small but exquisite sheet of water lying at the foot of the Zugspitz, one of the most lofty peaks among the Bavarian Alps.

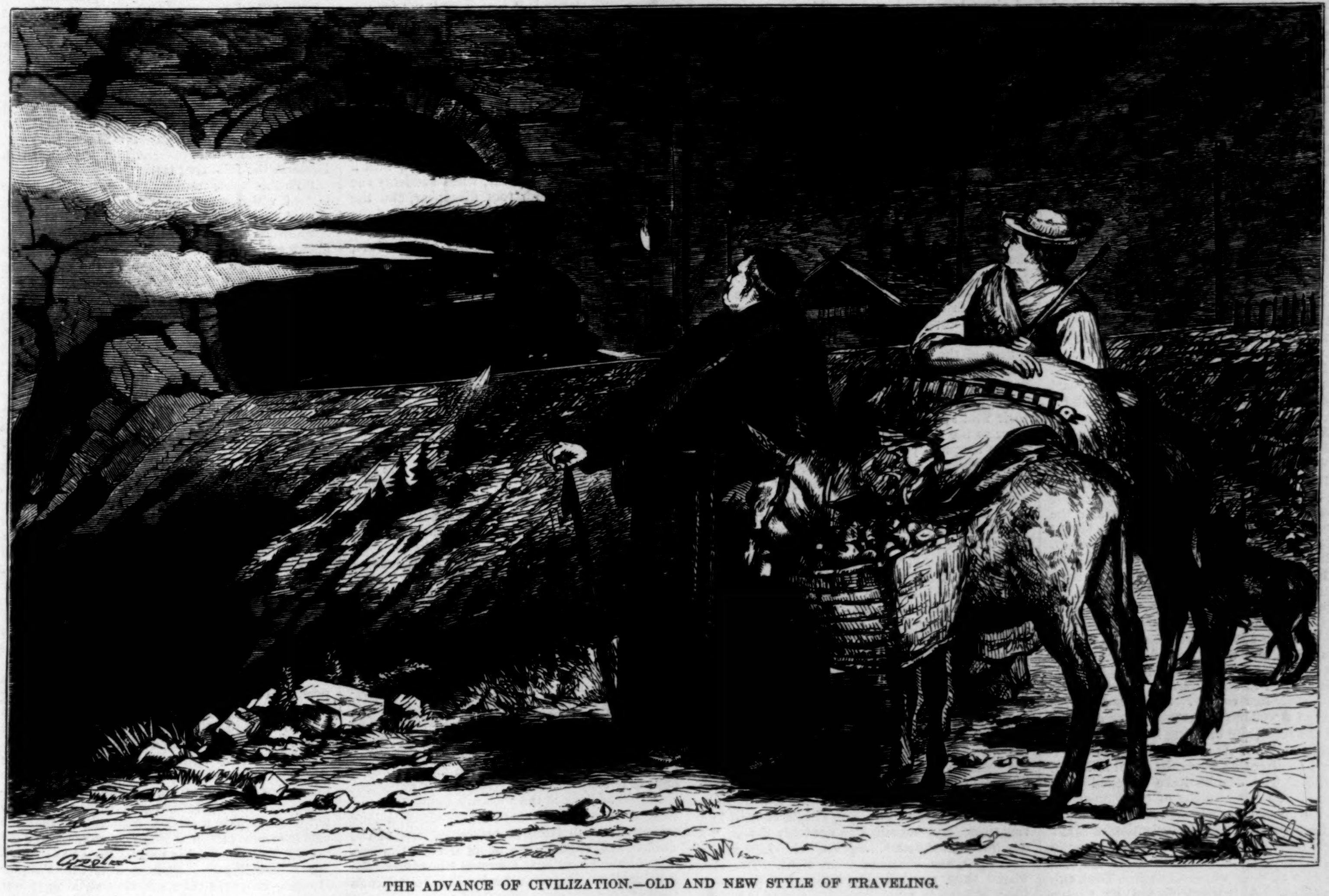
In speaking of this beautiful lake, an enthusiastic but apparently gloomy writer says: "We stand before immense rocks, which plunge perpendicularly into an abyss, torn as if Despair had created them. Mournful pines embrace their foot, desolate stones lie scattered about, and in their midst lies a lake as wofully deep, as unfathomably dark, as if there were no more spring and no more joy upon earth. These are the banks of the Eibsee, which was formed thousands of years ago by the subsidence of the Wetterstein, and even at the present time the immense fact stands as if petrified before our eyes. There lies a terrific power in this picture, a fearful fatality in the landscape; it is as high as heaven, deep as hell, ancient and stony as eternity. Gazing up these steeps ten thousand feet, it appears as if dark spirits had been precipitated here into the abyss, as if one stood before their prison in the midst of their domain. They are not annihilated by their fall, for the mind is immortal; they live still, and their torments have been stamped upon the rocks. When the wind roars in the distant ravines they groan, and a slight commotion trembles through the lake's abyss. The Eibsee is the hell of nature; there is something Stygian about its waters."

Only a few decayed cottages stand on the border of the Eibsee, tenanted by the poor and hardy peasants, who alone could manage to subsist in these wilds. They are chiefly goat-herds, who wander up and down the mountains with their shaggy charge, and make a scanty living with their guns. They have a few dilapidated boats floating upon the lake, and when visitors appear in summer, they ferry them across to the different islands and conduct them to the best points of view. On one of these islands an old cannon has been erected, which the peasant women of the district load with moss and gunpowder and fire off in order that the travelers may hear the echo, which reverberates through the mountains like the roar of distant thunder. For this they charge fivepence a shot, which slight addition to their income is to them a matter of importance.

After the Wetterstein, the Zugspitz is the most prominent peak in Western Bavaria. Like other giants of the mountain world, it offers the sternest defiance to the travelers that attempt to scale its heights. Of late, however, the ascent has been made a trifle easier by the liberality of a Munich family. A hut has been erected, which stands at the beginning of the "Plattert," in the midst of the bowlders, and which, at least, possesses a roof, although the rain drifts through its numerous chinks. It also contains a couch, and, what is still more important, a little fire-place, which a philanthropic professor from Würzburg has provided with a small iron oven, thus silencing the



SKETCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



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sneers of the irreverent who are disposed to question the possibility of any connection between practical utility and German philosophy. During the summer a visitor's book lies open within the hut, but it is not forbidden to use the wooden doors for a similar purpose, and thus they are ornamented with a variety of names that do little credit to the artistic talent of those who carve them.

The Zugspitz was first ascended in the year 1820, and upon the summit was placed an iron cross fourteen feet high. The prospect from this point extends from Carinthia into Switzerland, and from the Danube to the Italian border. Close to the mountain lies the market-town of Partenkirchen, which was built by the Romans when advancing into Germany. Their camp was situated here, and the flocks were pastured around it. Later, also, the road from Italy into the empire led through it, along which numerous caravans of merchandise moved; and when the famous FUGGERS and WELSERS fetched the treasures of the South, their agents and porters held their night camp in Partenkirchen. Unfortunately the town has been several times fearfully devastated by fire, but we gain an idea of how it looked from the pictures of BÜRKEL and PETER HESS. They are strikingly true, and so many copies have been circulated that the remembrance of what was before the conflagration is still fresh. In them we see the old well of the village, with the holy FLORIAN; the houses are still of brownish wood, and have those pleasant galleries which are called "bowers." Since the last fire in 1865 more solid buildings have been erected, and thus, according to a late writer, "the new Partenkirchen has become a Phenix of cement."

Another of the most renowned spots in this vicinity is Kloster Ettal. The convent was built by Kaiser LOUIS, who brought home from Italy a miraculous image of the Virgin MARY. Many a monk of noble family has dwelt within its walls, pictures by the hand of famous masters adorned its walls, and the organ was a theme of admira-